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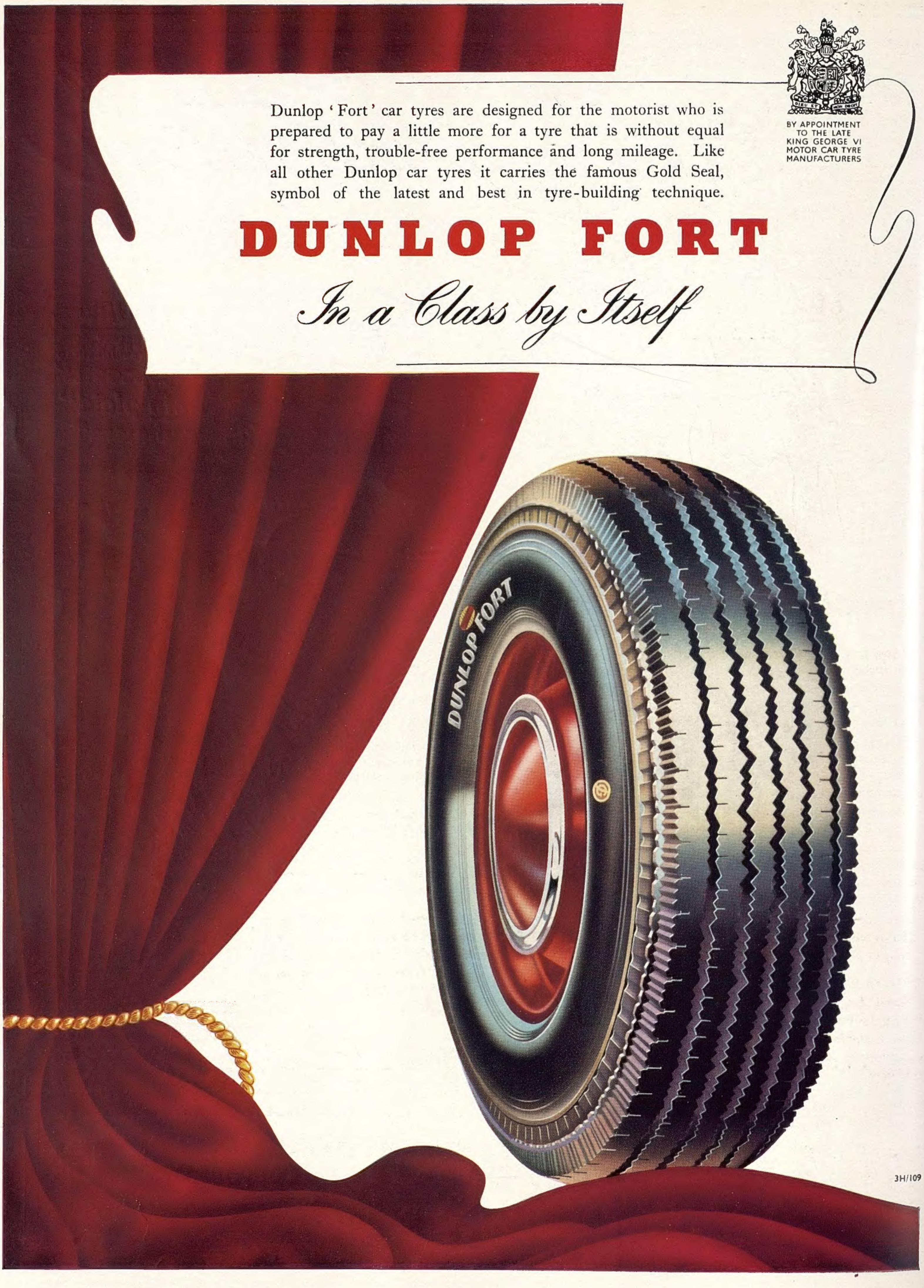
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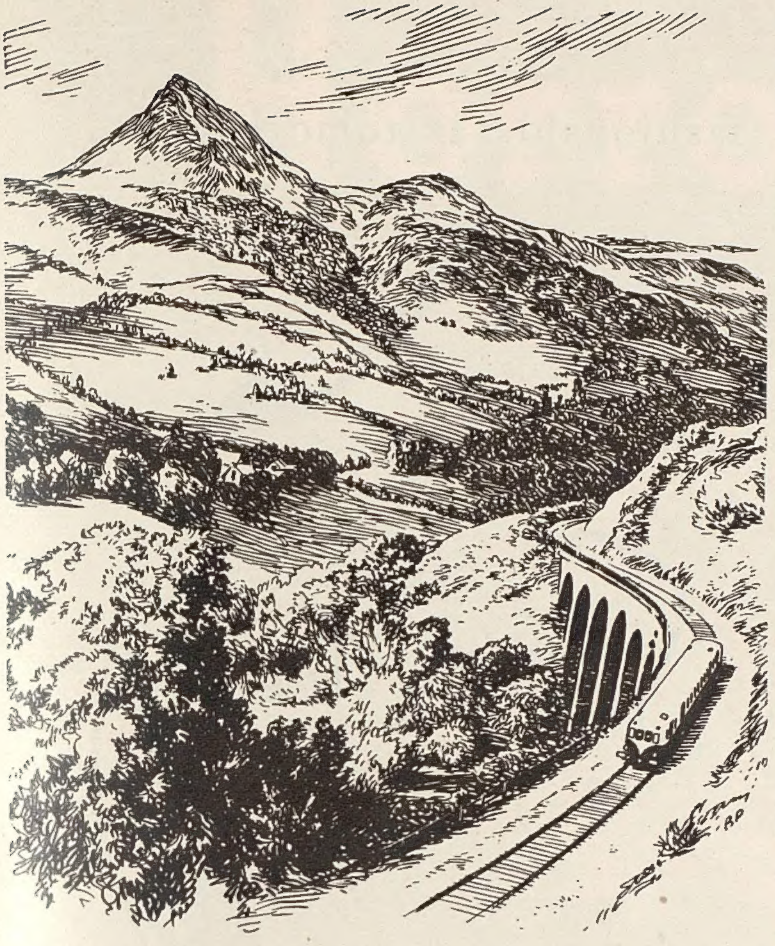

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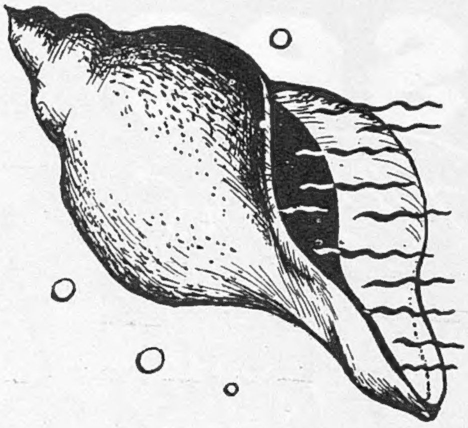

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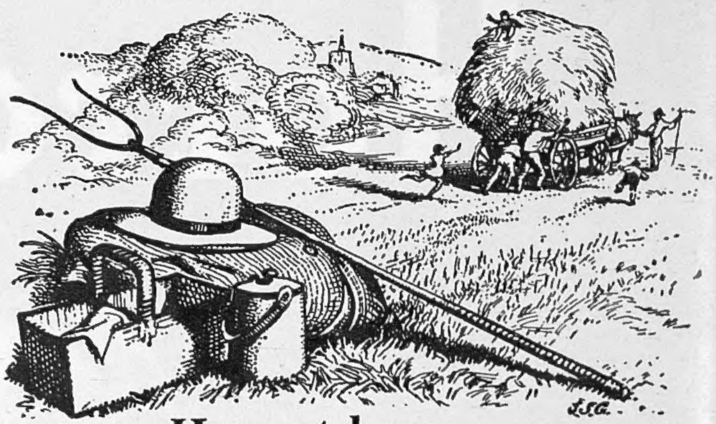

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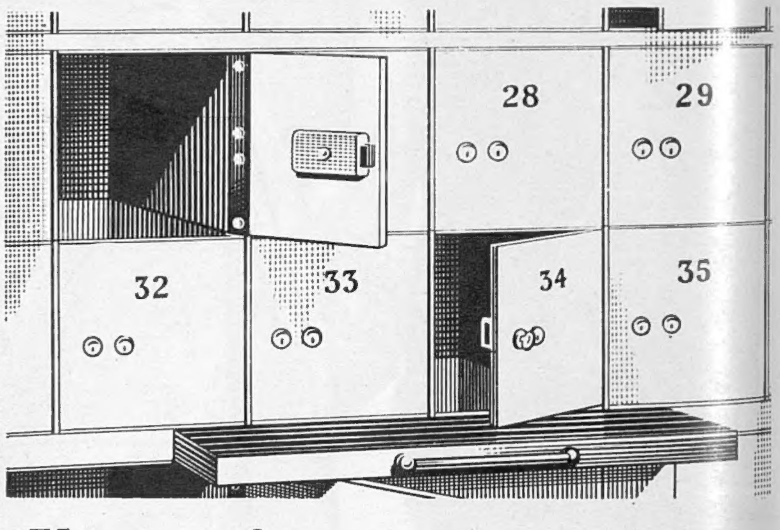

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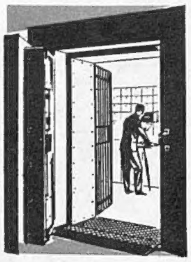

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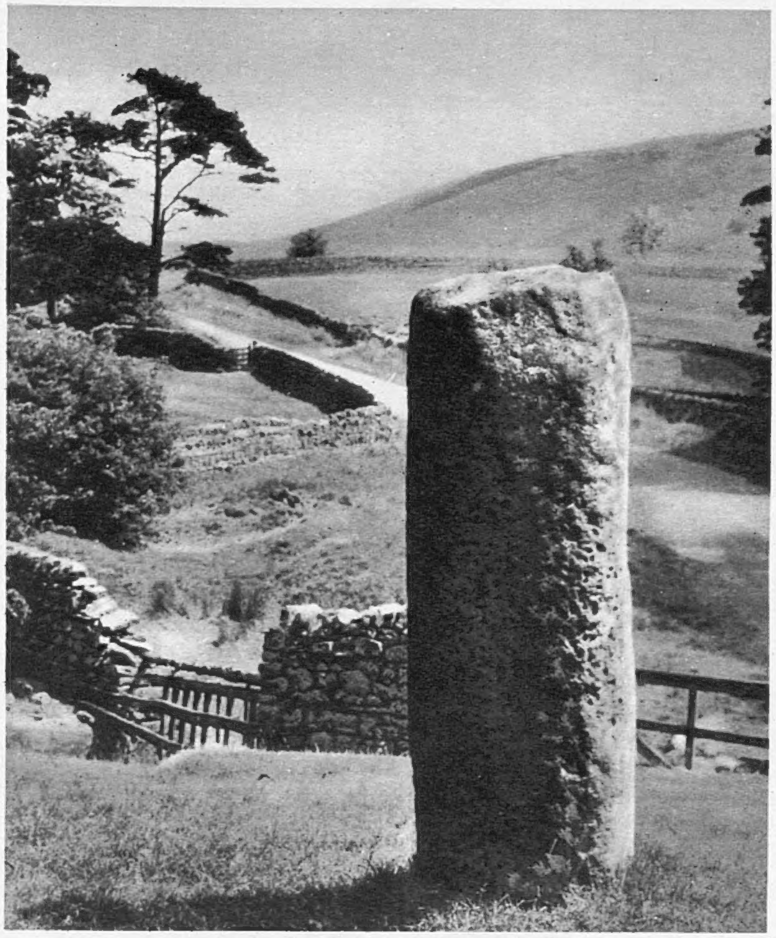

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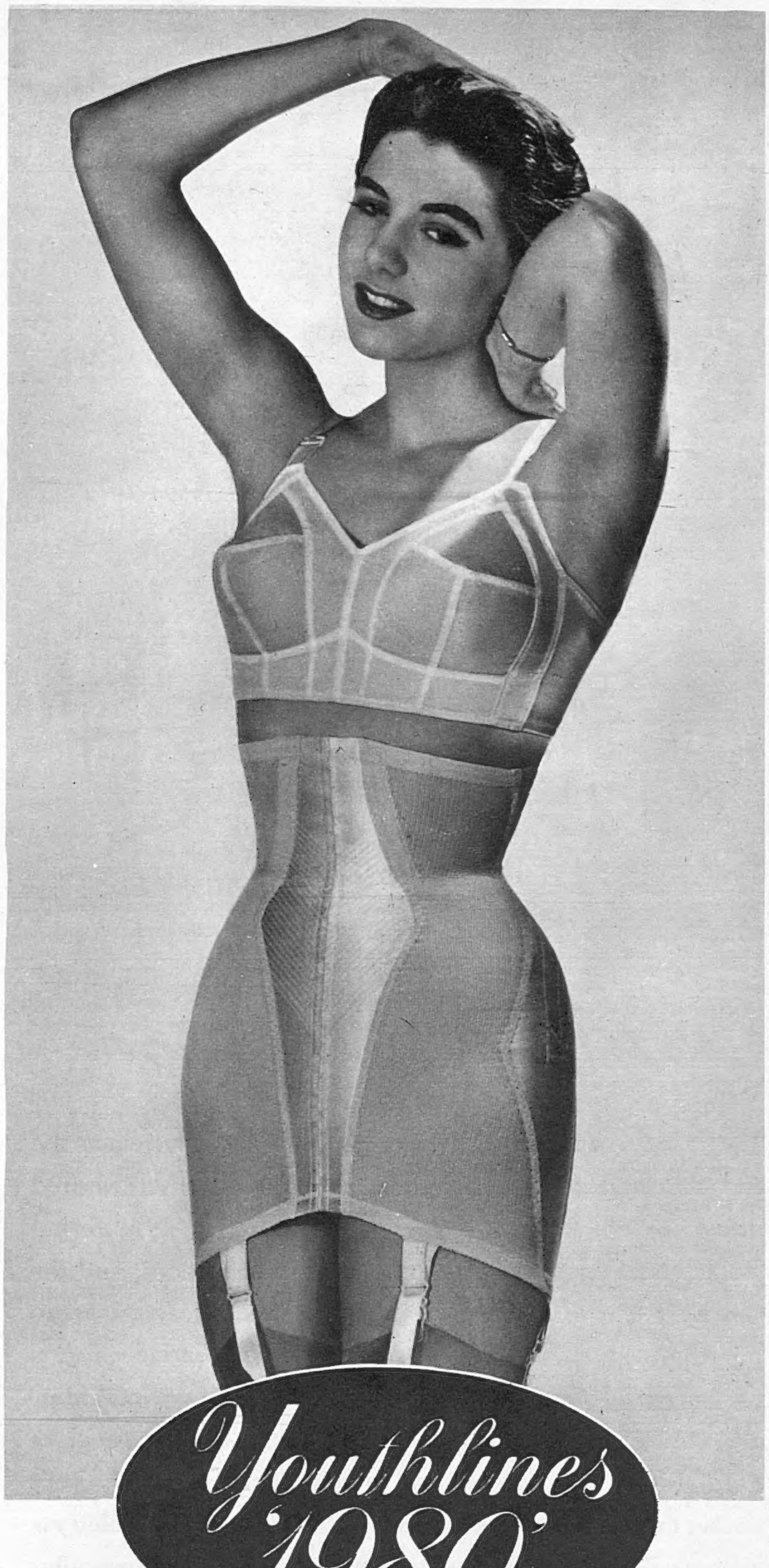

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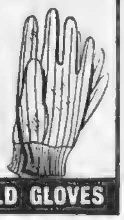

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The Sketch

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 10, 1954.

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Specially photographed for "THE SKETCH" by Houston Rogers.

PORTRAIT OF A GREAT MAN

People will come from all over the world to see the Augustus John Exhibition which opens at the Royal Academy this week and continues to June 30th. By far the largest single showing of his work ever held, the exhibition will contain some 460 paintings covering a period from 1897 to 1953. Our study of this giant among twentieth-century painters was taken in his studio at Fordingbridge, in Hampshire, where, at seventy-five, he is quietly engaged in still another fine work, unperturbed by the tremendous interest aroused by his projected exhibition.

THE BOY FRIEND. Artist Mac went to see Sandy Wilson's "period" musical at Wyndham's Theatre and came out doing the Charleston—or was it the Black Bottom? Some of the cast from this evocation of the Spirit of the Nineteen-Twenties are pictured above.

Our Motley Notes

By TOBY O'BRIEN

WE shall have heard by now a great deal about the centenary of the Boat Race. The result is, of course, wrapt in mystery as yet, but should Cambridge win again, we shall no doubt be told that the fact that eight young mastodons from the remoter colonies have rowed faster than a similar set from Oxford is proof (if proof were needed) of the decadence of the older University. Do not for one moment think that I am disparaging rowing men. Bless, in fact, their hearts. In a few months' "training" and twenty minutes more or less of strenuous exercise, they will have done more to harm those organs than the average stockbroker can do in many years of City dinners and excellent vintage port.

Indeed, it would ill become me to take other than a charitable view—I whose rowing career was cut short by the fact that (believe it or not) I could never get my weight above 9½ stone. And if by any chance on April 3rd a set of Dark Blue oars happens to be ahead of the Light Blue ones, I shall cheer with all the enthusiasm of any Leander rector from one of the remoter parishes.

While, alas! we have no Ouida to record that "All rowed fast, but none so fast as stroke," happily our Transatlantic cousins seldom have the opportunity of being confused by the bumping races which occur in the spring and summer festivals of "Toggers" and Eights Week. On the one occasion that a photograph of a dramatic moment of Eights Week did appear in the American Press, it was captioned: "A regrettable collision mars Oxford (Eng.) regatta."

RECENTLY I paid a brief and, indeed, first visit to Germany since the war, spending a day or two in the triangle—Cologne, Coblenz, Dusseldorf. Coblenz, which I remember years ago as a charming little eighteenth-century town, has received in full measure punishment for the late Herr Hitler's activities in connection with Canterbury and Bath. After the French Revolution, it was, you will recall, the headquarters of the Royalist exiles, and the name of Coblenz had the same effect on the French revolutionary as that of Washington has on a good Soviet Commissar. As a result, French names abound.

The connection, if one may put it like that, has been still further strengthened by the fact that the French, who know a good wine when they see it (Coblenz lies at the very junction of the Rhine and the Moselle), have made it one of their principal garrisons. Indeed, out of the 80,000 inhabitants of present-day Coblenz, 40,000 are French—with their own schools, shops, theatres and night clubs.

During my brief visit, a world-famous firm of wine-shippers laid on a special tasting for me. There were six Moselles, mostly of the younger vintages, of which the Niedermenniger Sonnenberg Auslese

1949 stood out among the other more excellent wines in the way that fine Bordeaux will always out-distance fine Burgundy.

It was almost unfair to go from the peak of the Moselles back to 1952 Rüdesheimer Hinterhaus, and then work up to another peak of the Rhine wines, to the fantastic 1949 Oestricher Eiserberg Riesling Trockenbeerenauslese. These, and the two wines which preceded it (as probably only one drop is taken from each by then raisin-like grape) are not, of course, obtainable in the open market. Indeed, I heard a terrible tale about the Oestricher.

A famous London hotel had it on its list at £4 15s. a bottle. They had half-a-dozen bottles and wrote to my hosts asking them for another three dozen. My hosts replied that they could not possibly supply so many, and why did they want them, anyway, as normally they only sold one bottle every six months. Then the story emerged. Apparently some benighted Indian potentate had been spending some time in the United States. There he had acquired a taste for hock and seltzer. Arriving at this London hotel, he had asked the waiter to bring him some hock and a soda siphon. The waiter asked him what hock he would like. He said "the best," and the miserable barbarian drank, in a few days, their whole stock of six priceless bottles mixed with soda-water. I do not know if, in the Hindu religion, there is a hell, but I sincerely hope that if there is, the gentleman concerned will find his way there. And that the waiter concerned will join him!

The Tribulations of Tanya

By Anna Zinkeisen and Laurel Pascal

Lord Digby Hurd is the very last word
On the habitat of the migrant bird.
But he slipped when he took me home on a date,
For his mother was not the type to migrate!

THE recent party at the Russian Embassy to celebrate Red Army Day reminded me of a party I went to at the Russian Officers' Club on Red Army Day in Teheran in 1943. It was a great relief, because we had come on from an earlier party and dreary film show at the Club des Fonctionnaires Sovietiques (and if I may say so without disrespect to our former allies, if you want to find the most boring form of bureaucratic life let me recommend you to a Fonctionnaire Sovietique).

Red Army officers, wearing the Tzarist gold epaulettes which had just been revived, could not have been more charming—until they got tight. Then, alas! the mask of friendly alliance dropped. I remember one great bear of a man lurching up to me, shaking his fists under my nose, and saying: "We've taken Kharkov. Why can't you take Tunis?" It was a little difficult to explain to him why, even had he been sober enough to understand, as the Russians have, of course, no conception of sea-power.

This was brought home to me a week or two later, when a very charming colonel (long ago liquidated, I feel sure, because he became so friendly with us)—let me call him Boguslavski—was extremely worried in Cairo about this same question of dealing with the German Army still in Tunisia. He could not see why we could not cut them off by a pincers movement through Sicily. We explained to him as patiently as we could that to mount a seaborne invasion meant, in terms of logistics and other matters, months of preparation. It was only later that we discovered why he thought we were pulling our punches in the matter. Apparently, in his magnificent Slav mind, he believed that the Mediterranean was frozen over in winter, and it was only a question of getting our sledded artillery and tanks on to the ice for us to be able to cope with the German and Italian survivors on Cape Bon.

I AM always delighted with the naval habit of sending signals based on biblical textual references. I understand that two stories founded on this were told at high table at the House on a Sunday evening a little while ago. In the eighteenth century a Minister was expected to dispense lavish patronage. When the Younger Pitt, who sat for Cambridge University, became a Minister while still in his 'teens, he had, according to the custom of the day, to resign his seat and stand for re-election. This was a somewhat formidable ceremonial affair, the Member coming, in company with high University dignitaries, in procession to Great St. Mary's. A few days before, the don who had to preach the sermon was grumbling about it in the Senior Common Room of his college, and complaining that he could not think of a suitable text. A cynical friend said to him: "Why not St. John vi. 9?" So the don preached to the text: "There is a lad here which hath five barley loaves and two small fishes. But what are they among so many?"

The other story is, I think, a better one. When the second Duke of Ormonde, head of the great Butler clan and Viceroy of Ireland, in the latter days of Queen Anne's reign, was returning to Dublin, his yacht was blown out of its course in a storm, and sought shelter in a small cove in the Isle of Man. The only educated individual in the little community capable of entertaining the Duke and his company was the local vicar, by the name of Joseph. The Duke was so pleased with his reception that he said to him: "When you and your wife next come to Dublin, you must come and visit me and allow me to return your hospitality."

A few months later the vicar and his wife were in Dublin, and took his Grace at his word. They found, however, that the Duke of Ormonde weatherbound in a Manx cove was a very different person from her Majesty's Viceroy in Ireland. Indeed, they could not get near him. The Rev. Mr. Joseph, however, happened to be a friend of Dean Swift, then returned to Ireland as Dean of St. Patrick's, and prevailed on him to let him preach on the next occasion, when he knew that the Viceroy and his staff would be present. Mr. Joseph, mounting the pulpit, chose as his text: "And the chief butler knew not Joseph."

The Duke, to do him justice, was delighted, made full amends for his lack of hospitality, and gave Mr. Joseph a handsome living in Ireland. Mr. Joseph, on his part, when the Duke, as a Jacobite, was driven into exile, for the rest of his life sent half his stipend to the Duke every year. As Mr. Trevor Roper, the historian (whose book on Hitler, arising out of the captured German documents, is, to my mind, one of the best bits of skilful and readable condensation I have ever read), said: "That is about the only Irish story I have ever heard that reflects credit on everybody." H'm, perhaps he had something there!

I BELIEVE I am right in saying that for a large part of his life Dr. Inge was a victim of an ecclesiastical solecism. People would insist in describing him as Dean Inge, when they should have called him either Dr. Inge or the Dean of St. Paul's. He provided successive undergraduate generations—or anybody who had to make a speech about a writer or journalist—with a ready-made epigram. This was first produced in the 'twenties by Monsignor Ronald Knox at the Oxford Union, when he was debating with the Dean, and said: "He is not merely a pillar of the Church, but two columns of the *Evening Standard*"—a reference to the series of articles which earned him the title of "The Gloomy Dean."

Dr. Inge suffered from the disability of being tone-deaf. On one occasion, Lady Oxford and Asquith was being highly enthusiastic over the choir performance of the D Minor Mass in St. Paul's Cathedral. Margot Asquith was a pertinacious lady. Seeing that she was getting little reaction from the Dean, she stepped up her enthusiasm. Finally, he could stand it no longer. "Madam," he said, "I am plagued with music in this world, and threatened with it in the next."

1. *Left.* Lord and Lady Fauntleroy (Peter Hammond and Mary Donn) cannot understand why a villager who has been at sea for two years is not overjoyed that his wife has just presented him with an infant son. Dearest (Barbara Kelly) overhears. *Right.* She implores Violet (Maxine Audley), during Lady Fauntleroy's absence from home, to instruct Cedric about the Birds and Bees.

2. The Earl of Dorincourt (Kynaston Reeves) has seen Violet instructing Cedric, and assumes, charitably, that she is his wife—a nice problem for Dearest.

5. Long ago, Eustace saw Violet in a Department Store. He loved, but lost her in a Department he dared not enter. Now he believes that she is Lady Fauntleroy. His brother pours cold water on his ardour.

6. Sir Pomeroy declares a strictly proper passion for Dearest: a protracted and delicious Victorian Proposal of Marriage.

7. The Earl of Dorincourt f… ing creature. He has deci… govern India, so of cou…

A "Sketch" Photo-Call

Angels in Love

HUGH MILLS' play at the Savoy Theatre deals with the Further History of the Fauntleroys. Dearest seems hardly a day older, but Cedric has changed mysteriously from a manly little fellow to a chocolate-eating hobbledehoy. He has been married a year when Dearest discovers that, so carefully has she shielded him from any form of grossness, he still does not know the Facts of Life. The play plods thoroughly around the implications of this discovery until the arrival of Henry Kendall as Sir Pomeroy Pomeroy-Jones, a Harley Street physician right out of the Fauntleroy chronicle. Sir Pomeroy has a gently homicidal brother. Everybody seems to be in love with everybody else. Even the Earl of Dorincourt (on whom, as on Dearest, the years seem to have lain lightly) has a passion for the East—"They 've given me India," he says. Bernard Braden has directed a play that looks as if it will do very nicely, thank you, for some time to come.

Photographed by Houston Rogers.

10. A telegram from Lettice, the real Lady Fauntleroy, announces her return.

3. Cedric never knew love could be like this. Violet never knew Cedric could be like this. Birds and bees bored him; being kissed did not. Violet has to defend herself from a second experiment.

4. Sir Pomeroy Pomeroy-Jones of Harley Street introduces his brother Eustace (Peter Reynolds). Eustace is a keen amateur photographer, and wishes to photograph the family group, including the *wrong* Lady Fauntleroy.

"Lady Fauntleroy" a bewitch-
to take Cedric with him to
she must come too.

8. Crime. Eustace confesses to another amateur interest—Murder. Somewhat of a shock for Harley Street.

9. Loving Violet and believing her to be Cedric's wife, Eustace plans to murder Cedric and marry her. The poison is in the tea. But which cup?

11. Incomprehension upon incomprehension. If Lettice is Lady Fauntleroy, then who is Violet? Dare a lover hope?

12. Tableau. Soon to be united are Sir Pomeroy and Dearest, Eustace and Violet. For Cedric and Lettice, a new life is opening up.

Strictly Biographical : 4.

By Louis T. Stanley

George Macaulay Trevelyan, O.M.

IN an age in which scholars are plentiful and artists rare, George Macaulay Trevelyan occupies a unique place in the history of English letters. Although Gibbon, Macaulay and Clarendon are his superior as stylists, whilst some rank R. H. Tawney above him on the same score, Trevelyan stands out as the poet of English history. Innumerable passages of lyrical beauty in his books reflect the workings of a poet's mind. His imagination pursues facts, and being that rare phenomenon, a natural story-teller, he focuses them with exquisite feeling.

Had he wished, Trevelyan could have used this gift of imagination in poetry rather than in history. That he did not do so may well be due to the richness of his inherited tradition, for his great-uncle was Lord Macaulay, who, with Gibbon, reigns supreme in English historical writing, whilst his father, Sir Otto Trevelyan, was an eminent historian.

It is not surprising to find that his sense of duty as an historian is highly developed. But there are signs that other influences were at work. His preoccupation with Time is a re-occurring theme. Here it is tempting to make a comparison with a poet like Wordsworth, who was intensely concerned by the feeling of loss inherent in the very nature of Time, an aspect that is strongly emphasised in the study of history. In his *Autobiography* Trevelyan writes :

> *More generally, I take delight in history, even its most prosaic details, because they become poetical as they recede into the past. The poetry of history lies in the quasi-miraculous fact that once, on this earth, once on this familiar spot of ground, walked other men and women, as actual as we are to-day, thinking their own thoughts, swayed by their own passions, but now all gone, one generation vanishing after another, gone as utterly as we ourselves shall shortly be gone like ghosts at cock-crow.*

Here are sentiments that Proust as well as Wordsworth would have understood, though perhaps not so deeply as this historian who is unable to accept the tenet of personal immortality. It may be that the circumstances of Trevelyan's life increased this attitude to the passing of time. The formative years of youth were spent in the Border lands where Roman walls, ruined abbeys, battlefields with their unknown dead, and peel-towers left their impress on his mind. His family background could be termed as both aristocratic and upper middle-class. His father knew intimately the leading figures of Victorian society, and his marriage with Caroline Philips, the daughter of a Manchester merchant, Free-trader, Unitarian, friend of Cobden and Gladstone, consolidated the family link with liberalism. Trevelyan grew up in a highly selective Victorian world of art and politics. The passing of that era seemed to whet the edge of Trevelyan's preoccupations with history.

HIS education followed the lines of any rich young man of that day. Preparatory school in Berkshire, Harrow and Trinity College, Cambridge. At Harrow he was fortunate in having as history masters, Robert Somervell and George Townsend Warner, the former having a rich command of English. To his credit must go the teaching of such men as Winston Churchill and Trevelyan. At Cambridge, Trevelyan was influenced by Maitland, the English mediæval and legal historian, by Cunningham, who was inaugurating the study of economic history, and by Lord Acton, the Catholic historian. He disliked Seeley, Acton's predecessor in the Regius Chair of History, who was an advocate of scientific history and continually denounced Macaulay and Carlyle.

For friends Trevelyan chose such young men as Bertrand Russell, G. E. Moore and Desmond MacCarthy, contacts that strengthened the liberal attitude to life which he had inherited from his family, an attitude primarily protestant, infused with a scepticism of all doctrinaire beliefs either in politics or religion.

Historical research turned Trevelyan's mind to an historical movement bound up with belief in individual freedom. He was attracted by the Lollards, by the Peasants' Revolt, by the stirring of national consciousness in England. The work was published in 1899 entitled *England in the Age of Wycliffe.* It was well written, had considerable success, being reprinted fourteen times, bore the distinctive Trevelyan style, and gained him the Fellowship at Trinity. Then followed the elementary stages in the making of a don, but finding the critical academic scholasticism too stultifying and restricting, he decided to leave Cambridge to write literary history. It was a revolt against the existing attitude to the subject.

At that time history was no longer written for the general reader. It was treated as a science. Techniques, evidence and statistics were the only things that mattered. If the results were unintelligible to the public, it could not be helped. It was of secondary importance. History was a specialist occupation by professionals for professionals, and had no connection with literature. Trevelyan opposed this doctrine. Merely to concentrate on constitutional, economic and diplomatic fields of research was unsatisfying to his temperament. He wanted the human influence in history.

TREVELYAN has described his marriage to Janet Penrose, a daughter of Mrs. Humphrey Ward, the novelist and social worker, as the most important and fortunate event of his life. Amongst the wedding presents was a collection of books on Italian history, including Garibaldi's *Memoirs* and *Belluzzi's Ritirata di Garibaldi nel* 1849. The story of Garibaldi appealed to Trevelyan's creative genius. He turned his pen to the subject with such success that the resulting trilogy has been given a permanent place in the historical literature of the world.

It is impossible to comment on each of Trevelyan's works, but mention must be made of his *History of England,* which took three years to write. His own comment is unnecessarily modest :

> *In April 1926 my* History of England *came out. It has been, as regards sales, the most successful of my books, except the* Social History, *because it treated so necessary a subject as the history of England at the length, and to some extent in the manner, which suited a large public, including schools and Universities. Some day, very soon perhaps, it will be replaced, but it will have served its generation.*

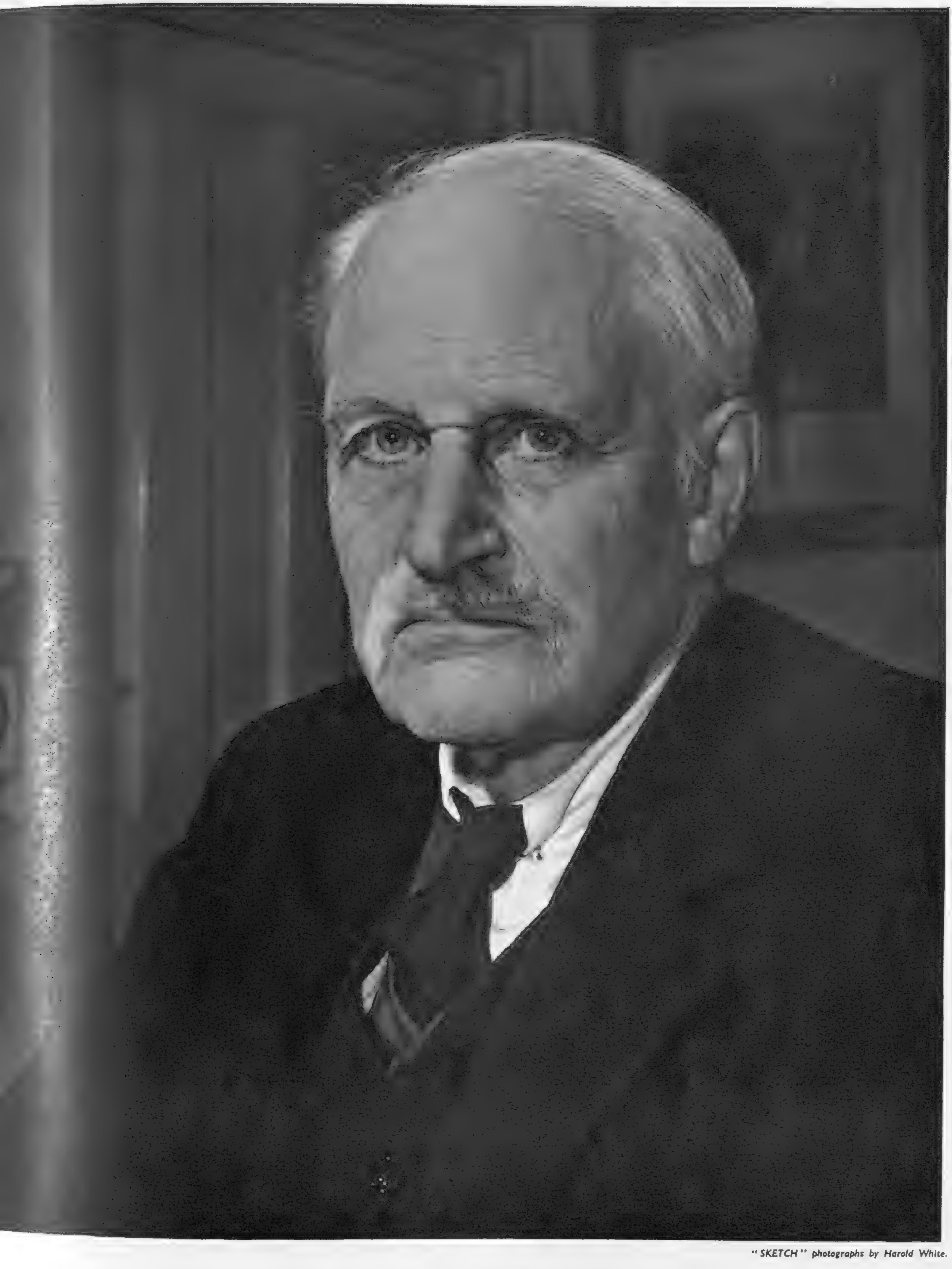
The wish was an understatement. Its social value has been incalculable. Millions of Englishmen have garnered from this book the little history they will ever know. Well over 200,000 copies have been sold, but in schools copies are used innumerable times, whilst many schoolmasters base their courses on it.

Before the last war Trevelyan had been working on a social history of England to serve as a companion volume to his *History of England,* which had mainly dealt with war and politics. In 1940 he decided to omit the early part of the work and begin with Chaucer. It was published in 1944 under the title of *English Social History.* The sales were remarkable. I have not the latest figures, but five years ago it had reached the total of 392,000 copies sold.

It is impossible to do full justice to Trevelyan's literary craftsmanship. He has been true to his early environment and his family outlook. Much of his writing has been covered by the work of his great-uncle, but he has managed to escape from the shadow of his kinsman, and to endow his work with a personal quality. Historic episodes that were infused with dramatic action have inspired some of his finest writing.

MANY tributes have been paid to his genius, but the last and greatest distinction of his academic life must have given considerable joy. The Mastership of Trinity College, Cambridge, is a Crown appointment, and when the vacancy was created in 1940 by the death of J. J. Thomson, Winston Churchill must have derived a measure of personal pleasure in conferring it on a school contemporary and, in one sense, a rival historian, for Churchill's *Life of Marlborough* was published about the same time as *England under Queen Anne.* Trevelyan's feeling for his College is deep. When the appointment was made, he recorded that it had made his life as happy as anyone's could be during the fall of European civilisation.

History for Trevelyan has a literary and moral purpose. He has been absorbed by the mystery of time, by the mutability of all things, by the succession of the ages and generations. He maintains that the present only takes us by surprise because we do not sufficiently know and consider the past. With Trevelyan as our guide the story of man becomes far more wonderful than the wonders of physical science . . . the proper study of mankind becomes man.



"SKETCH" photographs by Harold White.

Our Bookshelf

THE MAGICIANS. By J. B. Priestley. (*Wm. Heinemann ; 12s. 6d.*)

THE DOORS OF PERCEPTION. By Aldous Huxley. (*Chatto and Windus ; 6s.*)

DELICATE GIPSY. By Shirland Quin. (*Hutchinson ; 9s. 6d.*)

Reviewed by G. B. Stern

THERE appears to be a crusading movement among men of goodwill, shown by their refusal to acquiesce silently either in humanity's headlong rush towards self-destruction, or in the accedia of those who look on at it. " Some can articulate . . . " and these writers who can may therefore feel a certain responsibility if they produce books which are no more than flat statements of unconstructive despondency.

Mr. J. B. Priestley, in his latest novel, *The Magicians*, has again ranged himself, as indeed he always has, with Jack the Giant-killer, David who slew Goliath, Don Quixote riding full tilt against windmills, in a mood of noble despair that still refuses to believe, even at the eleventh hour, that our cosmic suicide cannot be arrested and a solution found if only mankind would *listen* ; some old or new route to happiness there surely must be, other than material possessions or power or couldn't-care-lessishness ?

For the same unselfish reasons, Mr. Aldous Huxley has also joined the rescue-party and, by an almost comic accident of " simultaneity " (but for which one might have hesitated before drawing a parallel between two such antipodean lines of approach), the scientist has been experimenting with mescalin, a drug long known to the Mexican Indians, while the novelist has invented a drug to " stop worry, anxiety, feelings of guilt or inadequacy," which the three bad men in his book seek to put on the market as a commercial proposition, but which is condemned by the three wise men as no more than a palliative.

Thus we have the fascinating spectacle of Mr. Priestley out to prove that our solution may lie in seeing time not in a straight line but as " time alive " ; whereas after offering himself as a guinea-pig to discover the effects of mescalin on the human mind, Mr. Huxley thinks it more than a mere panacea, though in its present stage rather less than, for instance, St. Thomas Aquinas' experience (presumably *sans* mescalin) of Infused Contemplation. Yet granted that :

> *The man who comes back through the Door in the Wall will never be quite the same as the man who went out. He will be wiser but less cocksure, happier but less self-satisfied, humbler in acknowledging his ignorance yet better equipped to understand the relationship of words to things—*

Mr. Huxley, nevertheless, cannot whole-heartedly recommend us to go rushing off to the chemist for large supplies of mescalin; for he reports one insuperable snag : " the will suffers a profound change for the worse " ; and under its influence :

> *Interest in space is diminished and interest in time falls almost to zero. . . . " There seems to be plenty of it," was all I could answer when the investigator asked me to say what I felt about time.*

The joke is that, returning to sojourn gloriously in " time alive," Sir Charles Ravenstree, ex-managing director of a large electrical company, gives us an almost identical record as Mr. Huxley's experience under mescalin : a heightened awareness in visual impressions :

> *I was not looking now at an unusual flower arrangement. I was seeing what Adam had seen on the morning of his creation—the miracle, moment by moment, of naked existence.*

And Sir Charles reports :

> *Everything there replied to his idlest glance with a precision of form and colour, as if they belonged to a painter of genius.*

Readers who yearn for a happy ending are liable to take the word " ending " in its literal sense, for it does not occur to them that it can only be a happy beginning, and that the last page of the book need not always be the end of the story. In *The Magicians* we cannot but realise sorrowfully, though not cynically, that the author's once-in-a-blue-moon ending, because it seems too good to be true, is therefore not quite true enough to be good ; Sir Charles might certainly have discovered that he had a son living when he thought himself alone in the world, but that he should actually have liked his son so much and, moreover, his son's wife also and his son's two children does sound like a fairy-tale.

Apart from that one objection, it can be no surprise that the book contains abundant measure of the Priestley gusto, shrewd characterisation, sardonic humour, sudden tenderness, and the constructive ability to use them all to provide us with a first-class story as well as the theme of a man who found rich Treasure buried in a field. . . . And it is at least heartening that to more than many of us, this sort of book with an idea behind it, will undoubtedly—I had almost written " kill time," but stopped in a panic ; none of these time clichés must be used while reviewing a Priestley book ; not Father Time, nor Time with a Scythe, nor " You 're dead on time " nor " What 's always behind time ? The works of a clock." As for " Time waits for no man," one can almost hear his exasperated " Be blowed to that for a tale ! " For on the contrary, he asserts that time *does* wait if only purblind man would stop seeing it as a straight line and accept it instead as something that can be retrieved if, like Sir Charles, he finds the way to go back and live through that section of his life again, admit the possibility of swinging out on to another spiral, like Ormund in his loveliest of plays: *I Have Been Here Before :*

> *. . . a God so generous and noble and wise that he won't allow a few decisions that we make in our ignorance, haste and bewilderment, to settle our fate for ever.*

WE are frequently advised by benevolent persons to " go for a nice long walk, dear ; it 'll do you good to get out into the fresh air ! " ; and the little group of naturalists in *Delicate Gipsy*, breaking loose from their planned excursion and scattering into twos and threes, talking, listening, confessing the past or in solitude remembering it, are really still on the same quest for human happiness, though here slighter in importance, narrowed down to seven characters, and, if one may say so, more feminine in texture.

Miss Shirland Quin has revived the well-known formula which started long ago with Thornton Wilder's *Bridge of San Luis Rey*, and was enthusiastically carried on by various authors in luxury liners, grand hotels and four-thirties from Victoria. Because we have not met it for quite a long time, we can welcome it indulgently, though with a gentle warning that if the near future is likely to pelt us with novels where a dozen " cameo " life-stories are linked in one volume on the pretext that these people are all travelling on the same omnibus from Putney Bridge to Mortlake or all sitting in the dress circle on the same first night, we may again start to be restive.

Nevertheless, *Delicate Gipsy* has charm and wisdom too ; the spell of the English countryside is faithfully recaptured, and the author's underlying purpose summed up by Dame Sybil Thorndike in her introductory letter with such perception as to make a reviewer's job almost superfluous :

> *Nothing is more thrilling than a journey — a walk — a moving-on — a growing. . . . I finished it with renewed hope and a certainty of . . . our interdependence as human beings.*

ANGRAVE'S ALPHABET

E for Encyclopædia

An excessive preoccupation with the science of bicycling.

YOUR LIBRARY LIST

BUSHVELD, BANANAS AND BOUNTY.
By Kay Cowen. (*Michael Joseph ; 15s.*)

DESERT HOSPITAL IN CHINA.
By Barbara Spencer. (*Jarrolds ; 16s.*)

THE FLAW IN THE CRYSTAL.
By Godfrey Smith. (*Victor Gollancz ; 10s. 6d.*)

THE GENERAL'S SUMMER-HOUSE.
By Antony Rhodes. (*Arthur Barker ; 10s. 6d.*)

BRIGHT YOUNG MEN OF THE THEATRE—3: EDGAR WREFORD

Edgar Wreford left school at fourteen. Already he wanted to be an actor, so he took evening classes with the W.E.A. His teachers put him in touch with Morley College, where further evening classes allowed him an exercise of his art more free than did his daytime job with a monumental mason. During the war, he served as a sapper; a curiously scruffy photograph exists to prove it. Afterwards, both R.A.D.A. and the Old Vic School offered him scholarships. He took the second, graduated into the Young Vic Company, then to the West of England Theatre Company, then to Birmingham Rep. There, Michael Benthall saw his performance in *Winter Journey*, and asked him to join the Old Vic this season. He is an actor of wide range: in the current *Coriolanus* his elderly tribune has aroused much praise.

Specially photographed for "THE SKETCH" by Houston Rogers.

Our Social Diary

SINCE I last wrote, London has been enlivened with several new productions in the world of theatre—notably *Coriolanus* at the Old Vic and *The Burning Glass*, by Charles Morgan, at the Apollo. Coupled with these are the return of the Sadler's Wells Ballet Company after their visit to America, and the arrival of Antonio and his Spanish Ballet for a brief season at the Stoll Theatre.

Sadler's Wells Ballet

I went to Covent Garden for the first night of the Sadler's Wells Ballet, which opened its season with *The Sleeping Princess*. I never tire of this fairy-tale ballet, with its haunting music by Tchaikowsky, and the evening was enhanced, as always, by the appearance of Margot Fonteyn. Her incomparable dancing and exquisite interpretation of the rôle of Princess Aurora gave an added magic and enchantment to the evening. Among those present in the audience were Viscount and Viscountess Waverley, who were in the Royal Box with Earl and Countess Alexander, H.E. the American Ambassador and Mrs. Aldrich, and Sir Ivone and Lady Kirkpatrick. I also saw Lady Churchill sitting in the stalls, the Countess of Suffolk, the Chancellor of the Exchequer and Mrs. R. A. Butler, who were in a box; Sir Steuart Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. Cecil Tennent and Mr. Oliver Messel. I dined at the Savoy Grill afterwards, as did several people whom I had seen at Covent Garden. Amongst these were Viscount Moore with Lady John Hope, General Sir Frederick Browning, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Fitz-Clarence, and Lord Savile. Also dining there that evening were the Hon. Max and Mrs. Aitken.

Spanish Ballet at the Stoll

The following evening, I went to the Stoll Theatre for the opening night of Antonio and his Spanish Ballet. Here is something utterly different—vital and passionate—and completely dominated by the superb artistry and personality of Antonio. Like everyone else in the theatre I was completely spellbound by his incredible grace and feats of dancing. He is ably supported by his company, notably by Miss Flora Albaicin.

I enjoyed most of all the dances which were accompanied by the Flamenco singers and guitarists. H.E. the Spanish Ambassador was present, and his guests included Mr. Whitney and Lady Daphne Straight, and Mrs. Susan Ward. Prince George Galitzine was with Mrs. Audrey Bourke, who looked most attractive in a short, black, pleated evening dress. I also saw H.E. the Austrian Ambassador and Mme. Wimmer, who were in a box with Mrs. Gordon Leith and Mr. Rupert Bellville.

A Royal Première

H.R.H. PRINCESS MARGARET attended the film première of *Kiss Me, Kate*, at the Empire Theatre—an occasion organised by the Variety Club of Great Britain in aid of the N.S.P.C.C. A great crowd in Leicester Square awaited the arrival of Her Royal Highness and, before going to my seat, I was able to watch the presentations that were made to her in the foyer. The Princess looked very charming in a long-sleeved dress of tangerine silk organza. She was accompanied by her lady-in-waiting, Miss Iris Peake, Mr. Denys and the Hon. Mrs. Rhodes, Mr. Mark Bonham-Carter, Mr. Robin McEwen and Mr. and Mrs. Mark Wyndham. As president of the Première Committee, the Marchioness of Carisbrooke, who was wearing a blue and silver brocade dress and an ermine stole,

BEREA EXHIBITION. H.E. the Spanish Ambassador went to the private view of the paintings of M. Berea. His Excellency is seen here with the artist admiring one of the pictures.

ST. JAMES'S, SPANISH PLACE. Miss Tessa Browning, daughter of General Sir Frederick Browning and authoress Daphne du Maurier, married Captain Peter de Zulueta.

PRINCESS MARGARET, pictured at three events recently. *Left:* At the christening at St. Michael's, Chester Square, of Mr. and Mrs. John Lowther's baby daughter, to whom Her Royal Highness was godmother. Other godparents in the picture are Mrs. Robert Henderson, Miss Monica Stourton and Lord Melchett. *Centre:* Princess Margaret at the Ideal Home Exhibition. *Right:* Her Royal Highness arriving at the Empire Theatre for the première of *Kiss Me, Kate*.

BATH ABBEY. The Hon. Euan Howard, son of Lord and Lady Strathcona, married Lady Jane Waldegrave, daughter of the Earl and Countess Waldegrave.

COMING OF AGE. The Earl of Dumfries, together with his twin brother, Lord David Crichton-Stuart, received the Freedom of Rothesay.

ST. MARGARET'S, WESTMINSTER. Lieut. Thomas Hall, 11th Hussars, with his bride, the former Miss Mariette Hornby, after the ceremony.

accompanied Her Royal Highness during the presentations. Amongst those who had this honour were Mrs. C. Frankland Moore, chairman, and her husband; Lady Helen Smith, Mrs. Warren Pearl, Mrs. Fenwick and Inspector Frederick Smith, who has worked with the Society for more than twenty years.

Kiss Me, Kate is the first 3-D film I have seen, and I must confess to a certain allergy to wearing the necessary spectacles. I don't think I have the right shaped nose! Having said that, I must hasten to add that the film was excellent, and in my opinion far exceeds the musical we saw over here three years ago.

Indonesian Reception

I WENT to the farewell reception given by H.E. the Indonesian Ambassador and Madame Subandrio, who are shortly off to Moscow, where His Excellency is to open an Embassy. London will be sorry to lose this charming couple, who have made many friends during their stay. The reception was crowded with ambassadors and members of the Diplomatic Corps, the Government and both Houses of Parliament. Amongst those I saw were H.E. the American Ambassador, H.E. the Nepalese Ambassador, H.E. the Japanese Ambassador, and H.E. the Argentine Ambassador, whom I had the pleasure of meeting. I also saw Sir Denys and Lady Lowson, H.E. the High Commissioner for Australia and Lady White, the Dowager Lady Swaythling, the Lord Mayor and Lady Bowater, and Air Chief Marshal Sir Christopher and Lady Courtney.

Private View of Berea's Paintings

MY visit to the Ohana Gallery for the private view of Berea's *Visions de France et d'Angleterre* was most enjoyable. Included in the collection of portraits is one of Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Kent, and other well-known personalities in this country. There are also enchanting views of London, Paris and Venice. I particularly liked the *Palazzio Labbia*, which M. Georges Berea, who kindly acted as my guide, told me his brother had painted from a gondola. There is a wonderful likeness of Baroness Agnes de Stoeckel, who was there that afternoon and who lives in a house on the Duchess of Kent's estate at Coppins. I also admired a brilliant study of Mr. Douglas Fairbanks, and one of Lady Clifford, in her garden. Earl Beatty and H.E. the Spanish Ambassador

OXFORD UNIVERSITY POINT-TO-POINT. The Hon. D. W. Guinness, who rode in the Past and Present Race, and Princess Marie Gabrielle von Urach.

A LOVELY BRIDE: Miss Virginia McKenna, daughter of the late Mr. Terence McKenna and Mrs. Anne Rudd, after her marriage to Mr. Denholm Elliott.

were among others who came to view the pictures, and Miss Peggy Cummins, whose portrait is included in the collection.

Dress Show

MRS. GORDON LEITH'S house in Manchester Square was filled to overflowing when I arrived for the afternoon dress show (there was another later that evening) given by her granddaughter, Miss Belinda Bellville, and Mrs. Sydna Scott. I thought the collection among the prettiest I have seen, particularly for young girls. Many of the dresses were shown by Lady Rose Bligh, Miss Sarah Chester-Beatty, and Miss Margaret-Ann Du Cane, and everyone was sorry to hear that Miss Davina Portman, the pretty daughter of the Hon. Michael Portman, had unfortunately retired to bed with influenza the previous evening and so could not take part in the show.

Amongst those who came to see the collection that afternoon were Viscountess Melgund, looking very sweet, who was sitting with Lady Bridget Clark, and Mrs. Brian Gibbs with her daughter Venetia Fane. Mrs. Gordon Leith was another interested spectator.

The Central School of Speech and Drama

I PAID an all-too-brief, but extremely interesting visit to the Central School of Speech and Drama of which H.R.H. the Duchess of Kent is Patroness. For a number of years the school has been housed in the loftier regions of the Albert Hall, but the need for larger premises is now imperative and an Appeal Committee, of which Lady Albery is chairman, plans to raise sufficient funds for this purpose. One of the means of doing this took place during my visit, when Miss Wendy Hiller, who received a great welcome from the students, supervised the draw for a tombola. Afterwards, I paid a visit to the fun fair which had been organised by the pupils.

Miss Sargent, the School Registrar and Secretary, was kindness itself in taking me round, and told me that past students of the school included Sir Laurence Olivier, Miss Peggy Ashcroft, Miss Ann Todd, Miss Claire Bloom and Miss Virginia McKenna.

Whilst I was there I met Mr. Mauris Pasteur, Chairman of the School, and Miss Gwynneth Thurburn, the Principal. Also Mrs. Edward Sutro, whose husband is on the Appeal Committee with Lady Iris Capell and Lady Ivelaw-Chapman, who were there that evening.

On Sunday, March 21st, there is to be a Theatre Brains Trust at Wyndham's Theatre. Mr. Ivor Brown, Mr. Richard Burton, Mr. John Clements, Miss Kay Hammond, Mr. John Maude, Q.C., and Mr. Henry Sherek will appear. The proceeds will go towards the funds for new premises for the school.

Helena

VICTORIA DAVSON, daughter of Lady Davson, Q.C., and Sir Geoffrey Davson.

JAMES DAWNAY, son of Lady Margaret Dawnay and Captain Oliver Dawnay.

JOANNA SHAWCROSS, daughter of Sir Hartley and Lady Shawcross.

EDWARD HAY, son of Lady Margaret and Mr. Philip Hay.

People and Flowers

THE ORMOLU VASE.
.The painting of a flower-arrangement by Constance Spry.

ANTHONY WOOSNAM-MILLS, son of Mr. H. R. Woosnam-Mills, the author.

These pictures are reproduced from the exhibition of paintings by Mrs. Forestier-Walker, which will open at the Parsons Galleries, Grosvenor Street, on March 23rd, and run until April 9th. The exhibition is in aid of the "Save the Children Fund."

MISS VALERIE HOBSON.

CAPTAIN BENNETT-EVANS.

THE HON. MRS. FRANCES LEGH.

FORGOTTEN HORIZON, by Salvador Dali (1936).

DUNKERQUE, by André Derain (1939).

SUR LA PLAGE DE BOULOGNE, by Edouard Manet (1869).

The Pleydell-Bouverie Collection

We should like to thank Mrs. Pleydell-Bouverie for her permission to reproduce five out of the collection of thirty-eight pictures that she has loaned for exhibition at the Tate Gallery; the exhibition will run until April 25th. Mrs. Pleydell-Bouverie began this collection in 1940, and it is now one of the finest of its kind in this country.

PORTRAIT OF JEAN MONET, by Claude Monet (c. 1871).

FOLIES-BERGÈRE, insc. Jean Louis Forain (c. 1895).

AT THE THEATRE with J. C. TREWIN

Romans, Countrymen, Friends . . .

Coriolanus
(*Old Vic*)

IN writing about this production, something must be said about the performance at the Vic in 1938, for we heard then a *Coriolanus* hard to match. The Coriolanus at the Old Vic that year was Laurence Olivier, a performance that nearly burned up the stage. (The actor could have been charged with arson.) He was magnificent in arrogance and patrician pride. He was—I have repeated the phrase often ; let me say it once again—a pillar of fire on a plinth of marble. Speech after speech sounds yet. One has only to say "Olivier's Coriolanus," and like a tape recorder, the past unreels. When he turned upon the rabble with his "You common cry of curs . . . I banish you!" we in the audience withered as well. And when Olivier and Dame Sybil Thorndike met in the famous mother-and-son conflict towards the end of the play, we knew what acting in the high Roman fashion could be.

That is enough: no more of 1938. I have recalled it because the earlier Coriolanus had so much that, so far, Richard Burton misses. Mr. Burton is going to be an admirable actor; he has many endearing qualities. I don't suppose anything, in its way, could have been better than his narration in the reading of Dylan Thomas' *Under Milk Wood* on the air (and on a Sunday night at the Vic). He has gentleness and a ready charm. I have usually liked him away from Shakespeare. But he seems to me still to lack some of the qualities needed by a first-rank classical actor. He has not the levin-flash of personality. And though in *Coriolanus* he offers a useful diagram of the part, it is not filled. We look vainly for the man who "wants nothing of a god but eternity and a heaven to throne in." Too often Mr. Burton appears to be paraphrasing a speech, offering us an idea of the sense, licking around the edges without examining the lines. Occasionally—and, when he does this, it is heartening—he can search, explore ; the lines glow, he becomes another man, and we are in the presence of Coriolanus himself, not merely of an actor who is tackling an awkward part with intelligence and ample vigour.

Old Vic cheering always stirs me. It is a grand noise. But *Coriolanus* should be a grand noise too ; for me the trumpets are not yet in full blaze. Nobody will cheer louder than I shall when Mr. Burton finds himself in Shakespeare (I know many believe that he found himself long ago).

Volumnia is at the centre of the revival. Fay Compton—allowing the redoubtable woman to have some heart—does "lament, in anger, Juno-like," and she lets drive finely in the supplication. This is speaking in the high tradition and we meet it rarely. Miss Compton makes too much play with her hands: I think all should depend on Volumnia's pleading, challenging, lashing voice. There are exciting things elsewhere: William Squire's control of Menenius (a lovely part, though I have known it to be fumbled) ; John Neville's phrasing of Cominius (a pity that he is not granted the panegyric before the Senate) ; Edgar Wreford's rusty-nail tribune, an expert piece of character ; Paul Daneman's jealous Aufidius who, with the rest of his "Volskies," has a way of peering out through a greenish light reserved for demon kings.

Aufidius, in Michael Benthall's production, does not repent, so implausibly, after the death of Coriolanus. Not at all. He and the Volscian conspirators move off menacingly, and the body remains alone before the gates. There is no reason to raise a dust about this. I object with the next man to departures from the text, but Shakespeare was not infallible. I feel that the business at the end was contrived in order to leave the Elizabethan stage deserted. What better way than to carry off Coriolanus with military honours? Mr. Benthall's production elsewhere is swift and well-grouped, the set this time is not a nuisance, and the crowd is a most relishing cry of curs.

Photo: Angus McBean.
CORIOLANUS. Richard Burton plays the exiled patrician, Fay Compton is his mother, and Claire Bloom plays his wife, Virgilia.

The Burning Glass
(*Apollo*)

ROMANS, countrymen. . . . Our countrymen at the Apollo include a Prime Minister: a massive one called Montagu Winthrop ("aged sixty-two or more"). I suppose we had better not try to identify him with anybody. One of the syllables of his name is interesting, and he has an uncommonly commanding demeanour. He has also a make-up that reminds me vaguely of a late-Victorian statesman. No need to argue ; let us say merely that he is a persuasive portrait of a statesman of extreme talent—genius maybe—and in getting this effect in a theatre Mr. Morgan has done remarkably. (Laurence Naismith acts the part without any distracting fuss.)

The play, of which the Prime Minister is the dynamo, is about the discovery of a machine that uses the upper atmosphere as a lens, one able to concentrate solar heat upon any selected point of the earth's surface. Whatever its uses in peace, it could be a terrible weapon in war. The scientist who has hit upon it has a conscience—Mr. Morgan enjoys these problems of conscience—and he will let the West use his machine only in the most desperate need. The Prime Minister has to agree. Almost at once the hour comes. When it does, the play turns from a slow-running, if civilised, debating-piece to urgent and impressive melodrama. It slows down again before the end ; but we shall recall the play, as we now remember *The River Line*, for its major scene. If we want to get from *The Burning Glass* everything that Mr. Morgan has tried to put across, we should read the text as well. In the theatre I feel that many people, faint-hearts no doubt, will concentrate on Mr. Morgan the theatrical dramatist, rather than on his other self, the thinker.

A very sound cast, under Michael MacOwan, does honour to the piece. I admired especially Michael Goodliffe as the inventor, uncertain about the development of Man's power over Nature. Michael Gough, Faith Brook, and Dorothy Green are in the vein. And, as I say, all 's well in Downing Street.

The Fifth Season
(*Cambridge*)

You'll Be Lucky
(*Adelphi*)

ROMANS, countrymen, friends. . . . Some of our friends are from America, the people of *The Fifth Season*, which is a mild comedy about a New York fashion house struggling up from the bottom, and the matrimonial affairs of practically everyone in the cast. There is some wit in the play ; but these transatlantic exchanges can be troublesome (I noticed that New York critics failed to bow to *The Confidential Clerk*). The good point in *The Fifth Season*—the seasons, by the way, are the usual four, with "Slack" added—is the performance of Joseph Buloff, a comedian like a wry and ingratiating marmoset. We should have been distressed if his business had not succeeded in the end, and Sylvia Regan, a kindly dramatist, has seen that it does. But I doubt whether the play will, unless someone steps on the accelerator. The production needs pace—and pace again.

Things happened at the Adelphi that can happen only in this brand of go-as-you-please vaudeville-revue. I recall Al Read, jesting with a blandness that suddenly becomes frenzied ; Sally Barnes dancing on a floor she has (more or less) scrubbed ; two dear souls smashing crockery and hurling paste ; and some comic tableaux (that took me back, as they say) of the defeat of the Armada. Are we lucky? Well . . . here it 's for you to speak.

Photographed by Angus McBean.

" SALLY BOWLES "

Christopher Isherwood wrote a story about Sally, and John Van Druten turned it into a play called *I Am a Camera*, in which Julie Wilson (star of *A Member of the Wedding*) scored a great success in New York. It will open in London at the New Theatre this Friday, March 12th ; our own Dorothy Tutin (whom you see above) plays Sally Bowles, and Michael Gwynn plays Isherwood. Sally was a girl from the English upper middle classes, trying hard to be bad in a romantic way, and without much success. She worked as a *diseuse* in Berlin ; she smoked cigarettes from a long holder ; she drank quantities of prairie oysters. It was no good ; she remained as sophisticated as a fifth-former at a good girls' school. Her *grande affaire* with a no-good young man was not very grand, and too short for an affair. When she tried to be a bird in a gilded cage the rich American walked out on her. She was funny, touching and infuriating by turns. She is only a memory now, with the Berlin of the 'Twenties in which she lived, but it is a memory that remains.

Nadia Nerina as *Swanilda* : A personal triumph.

Swanilda is perturbed by *Franz's* apparent devotion to *Coppelia* : neither of them knows that she is one of the mechanical dolls of *Dr. Coppelius.*

Dr. Coppelius has captured *Franz*, and by witchcraft hopes to transmute the life force of the young man to his favourite doll *Coppelia*, thus bringing her to life.

"Coppelia"

Production Revised by Ninette de Valois.
Scenery and Costumes by Osbert Lancaster.

This new and scintillating version of an old favourite had a tumultuous first-night reception at Covent Garden last week : the bulk of the audience were still calling up the curtain when the early departures must have been well on the way home.

The reception was deserved. Dame Ninette's revised production has stepped up the excitement and added to the characterisation of this evergreen ballet, and Osbert Lancaster's new scenery and costumes have brought colour and gaiety where they were most needed.

The evening was a personal triumph for Nadia Nerina, whose dancing of *Swanilda*, with her brilliant characterisation of the rôle, placed her firmly in the front rank of Sadler's Wells ballerinas. She was helped by David Blair's lively and unselfish *Franz*, while Frederick Ashton's *Dr. Coppelius* fixed this tetchy old character immovably in the memory.

Specially photographed for "THE SKETCH" by Houston Rogers.

Dr. Coppelius locks the front door of his house—but later he loses the key.

Swanilda and her friends have found the key, dared one another into the workshop and set the dolls in motion. They are discovered by *Dr. Coppelius*, and run away.

Not knowing that *Swanilda* is posing as *Coppelia*, the doctor practises his witchcraft on her, and she obediently steps up her mechanical movements.

But *Swanilda* gets out of hand, chases the doctor around his workshop, and rescues *Franz*. They escape, leaving *Dr. Coppelius* heart-broken at the failure of his experiment.

An enchanting moment in the *pas de deux* by *Swanilda* and *Franz* during the Dance of the Hours which heralds the triumphant *finale*.

"Please Forward": by Joyce Dennys.

The Psychological Touch

MY DEAR ROBERT,

Mrs. Savernack, who, as you know, is a woman of drive and energy, has started a Local Library to take the place of the one that packed up and went back to London, leaving us bookless and forlorn.

Lady B. was quite sad when she heard about this. She said she was finding her course of Trollope extremely restful, and now she 'd have to try and Keep Up With the New Books again, which was tiring at her age. Mrs. Savernack said that was all very well, but in her house there *was* only one book, called *Across Iceland With Rod and Gun*, and after reading it five times she 'd begun to yearn for something new.

. . . and trundled them down to the New Library.

We were all asked to give any books we could spare to form a nucleus, and as soon as Colonel Simpkins heard this he put his Merediths in a wheel-barrow and trundled them down the hill to the New Library. Little Mrs. Simpkins was rather sad because the Merediths had such pretty green covers which exactly matched her drawing-room curtains, but Colonel Simpkins said that after his long wrestle, almost to the death, with *The Egoist*, he never wanted to see the damned things again, and he promised to buy her some green plates to take their place. He didn't, of course, but as they never use their drawing-room now except in the evenings when they sit in the dark looking at the television, it doesn't really matter whether little Mrs. Simpkins has green plates on the shelves or not.

Mrs. Savernack made some efficient-looking lists which she pinned to a green baize board in the New Library so that we always know whose turn it is to be on duty there.

Yesterday, when I was on duty, the first person to arrive at the New Library was the Admiral, breathing heavily and rather red in the face.

"I hope you enjoyed your book, Admiral," I said hopelessly, because it was quite obvious that he hadn't.

"Never read such balderdash in me life!"

"I 'm so sorry."

When people don't like their books they generally tell you the stories of them, and this the Admiral now proceeded to do. "*Boomerang*—silly title to start with," he said. "All about a chap—nasty bit of work, if you ask me—who murders an old woman. Don't ask me why, Henrietta,

"I was ashamed to be seen carrying it through the Street."

because I never discovered that—harmless old party, apparently, and never did the chap a ha'porth of harm, but he banged her on the head just as she was putting on the kettle to make herself a cup of tea. If ever a chap deserved to swing, that chap did."

"And did he?"

"Oh, yes. But not before the chap who wrote the book had gone in for a lot of belly-aching about it. Believe me or believe me not, you 're supposed to be sorry for this chap because, apparently, it was all his father's fault for giving him a hiding when he was six."

"The psychological approach is very popular just now, Admiral."

"When I was a boy," said the Admiral, "my father tanned the hide off me two or three times a week, and you don't find me running around murdering old women, do you?"

There seemed nothing to say in answer to this, so I waved the Admiral towards the shelves and turned to Faith.

"Honestly, darling," she said, "there 's something definitely wrong with this Library. Of course, we all know Mrs. Savernack chooses the books, but must we have nothing but Travel and Adventure?"

"Don't you like stories of Travel and Adventure?"

"I loathe them," said Faith. "To my mind, there 's only one thing worth reading about in books."

"And what is that, Faith?" I said, though, of course, I knew the answer.

"Luv," said Faith simply.

"There are plenty of love-stories in the Library."

"Well, if there are I 've failed to find them. Look at this—*Smouldering Fires*—you 'd think that was a love-story, wouldn't you? Actually, it 's about some nauseating natives in darkest Africa who send each other messages with smoke."

"Sorry, Faith. Better luck next time."

"Couldn't they mark the Love-Stories with a star or something?"

"I 'll speak to Mrs. Savernack."

Faith drifted away and I became aware of a low but insistent buzzing in my left ear. It was little Mrs. Simpkins with her face about half an inch away from mine.

"You know, Henrietta, they ought to keep these sort of books on a shelf by themselves with a little curtain in front."

"I 'm afraid you didn't care for your book?"

"I was ashamed to be seen carrying it through the Street," said little Mrs. Simpkins, and she laid her Library Book, neatly wrapped in brown paper, on the table.

I undid the parcel and looked at the title. "Ermentrude Bounce is always a little advanced," I said.

"How was I to know that?" said little Mrs. Simpkins. "It sounded all right—*Trottie*—I thought it was about a child. I like books about children."

Mrs. Whinebite was waiting, and tapping impatiently with her foot, but little Mrs. Simpkins was determined to have her say. "It 's all divans and very, very long kisses while the night outside whirls in space," she said, getting rather pink.

"Oh, dear, Mrs. Simpkins!"

"And worse than that, Henrietta." Little Mrs. Simpkins leant forward until her nose was actually touching my ear. "In the last chapter——"

"Am I to wait here all day?" cried Mrs. Whinebite.

Little Mrs. Simpkins gave her a withering look and walked away to the shelves. Relations between those two have been rather strained since Mrs. Whinebite persuaded Colonel Simpkins to watch the television with her for a whole week.

Mrs. Whinebite banged her book down on the table so that the pens and pencils jumped in the air. "When I want to read about a child's mind opening like a flower I 'll say so," she said. "In the meantime, I 'd be obliged if you 'd find me something a little more adult."

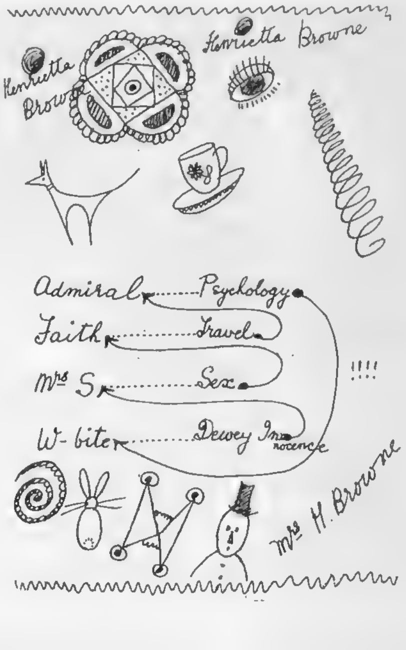
"You didn't like *Dew of Destiny*?"

"Revolting slush!" said Mrs. Whinebite, and turned her back on me.

While the Admiral, Faith, little Mrs. Simpkins and Mrs. Whinebite were glaring angrily at the shelves, I made this little plan on my Doodle Pad, and they soon went off quite happily with each other's books. I was rather pleased with my morning's work and when Mrs. Savernack arrived I showed her the plan and told her what I had done. But as they had all exceeded the time-limit with their books and I 'd forgotten to ask them for their fines, she wasn't very pleased with me after all.

Always your affectionate Childhood's Friend,

HENRIETTA.



Specially photographed for "THE SKETCH" by Houston Rogers.

Diplomatic Hostesses: *Lady Doidge*

A woman whose belief in personal contact has endeared her to her 10,000 countrymen and women living in England, is the charming wife of Sir Frederick Doidge, the New Zealand High Commissioner. At the delightful Embassy residence in Cornwall Terrace, Regent's Park—an area world-famed for its architectural beauty—she has entertained hundreds of visitors to this country, giving students in particular a much-appreciated opportunity to meet old friends and make new ones in a happy home atmosphere. Her advice is continually sought in any number of situations by young people who occasionally feel keenly the 12,000-mile distance from home, and much of her time is taken up in preparing New Zealanders for the season's presentation parties. How does she like being in England? "I simply love it! Of course, we were here for fifteen years after the First World War, so I know London very well—our arrival here in 1951 was like a homecoming!"

TELEVISION TOPICS

CECIL MADDEN.

FRANCES ROWE.

LADY MEGAN LLOYD GEORGE.

PETER CUSHING.

T.V. PERSONALITIES : To CECIL MADDEN falls the distinction of being the very first television producer. His *Here's Looking at You* inaugurated the regular public service in *High Definition* from Alexandra Palace in 1936. On March 19th he edits the programme which will mark the closing down of the historic Ally Pally studios. Since *Fool's Paradise* our critic is hoping—if his plans for a play he is writing mature—to be able to offer FRANCES ROWE a television part worthy of her charms and capabilities. We tend to regard LADY MEGAN LLOYD GEORGE as one of the *enfants terribles* of television. The combination of gentle malice and lively wit which she displays was evident when she took part in the Oxford Union Debate on February 23rd. If television has made PETER CUSHING into a star, it is also giving him stellar rôles like "The Beau" in Anatole de Grunwald's *Beau Brummell* on March 14th and 18th.

The Three-Pound Look

By CYRIL BUTCHER

SO bang goes another saxpence! In fact, another forty of them are extracted from the public's long-suffering purses. The television licence is going up to £3, and everybody is supposed to raise a cheer. A cheer for the increased revenue of the B.B.C., mark you.

At a Press conference the other day, the Director-General of the B.B.C., Sir Ian Jacob, expressed his opinion that the Corporation has come out pretty well on the deal. That, in spite of the Treasury's £2,000,000 rake-off and the Gilbertian decision to sponsor sponsored television to the tune of £750,000 annually. Just what sort of a deal does the viewing public get out of this latest mulct? Just what does the glowingly announced development programme add up to, in terms of brass tacks?

(1) *The completion of national coverage for the present Television Service.* Fine, to make the service available to 97 per cent. of the United Kingdom's population. But that plan has already been in process of being implemented for some time.

(2) *The extension of facilities for the Television Service both in London and the Regions.* That merely means more Outside Broadcast units in the provinces and a continuation of the building of the vast Television Centre at White City. There is no indication, however, *when* these new studios will be operational. At the moment their site is merely a ravaged plot of land.

(3) *The introduction of V.H.F. broadcasting.* This is a Sound matter, and of only academic interest to viewers.

(4) *The development of the scope, variety and quality of programmes in television and sound.* That's the sort of thing which looks very nice on paper, but does not really commit anybody to anything. Admittedly Sir Ian said that in programmes the shortage of money need no longer be a deciding factor, but he also said that he was not convinced that more expensive programmes will automatically mean that they will be better ones. So whither is the increased revenue destined under this heading? I trust, not to the expansion of the already burdensome administration which bogs the producer down with endless forms in quintuplicate and harasses him with vexed problems of "man-hours" to get his programme on to the studio floor.

(5) *The introduction of colour television.* Ah, but when? Again no answer, except: "It is impossible yet to say how soon a start can be made, as many technical problems remain to be solved. . . ."

Finally, there is a prepared plan for a second B.B.C. television service in monochrome. This is dependent on new frequencies being allocated. When is that likely to happen? Now, now! don't let's be impatient.

All that is certain is that *you* start paying for this glittering array of vague promises on June 1.

NOW let's be a little sentimental. For, on March 19th, the evening programme will be called *Thank You, Ally Pally*. This will mark the closing down of the out-dated studios at Alexandra Palace, the kindergarten where that lusty infant, television, spent its infancy. Crude and inconvenient as those studios are by present standards, much that was fine and memorable came from them. A unique atmosphere prevailed there; an atmosphere of "Everybody help everybody," of "Do the job first and argue later," and of "The show must go on at all costs." Alas, much of that has disappeared at Lime Grove, where departmentalism has reared its restrictive head. Let us hope that March 19th will recapture a little of the old spirit and that it will be a lesson to the growing army who are following after.

THE fact that television is becoming somewhat adult was underlined by two programmes which came from Oxford, both of which I rather enjoyed. The debate of the Oxford Union Society on the typically flippant question: "This House prefers the security of the Welfare State to the uncertainty of the first Elizabethan Age," impressed on me that there is no likelihood of a dearth of public speakers capable of distilling eloquent oratorical hot air. The second was an undergraduate revue, *Oxford Accents*, which underlined the wide gulf which exists between even the most talented amateur and the professional. But the performers and their friends in the audience obviously had a whale of a time, so their enjoyment communicated itself to the viewer. The amateur effort was certainly much more rewarding than the strictly professional but drippy nonsense that goes under the title of *Friends and Neighbours*.

On the other hand, I was happy to see *Boyd's Shop*, by St. John Ervine, through twice. This little regional play of Ulster had much to delight one. There was Joseph Tomelty's gentle portrait of the saintly grocer Andrew Boyd, Sheila Manahan's pert filiality as his daughter and Robin Bailey's smooth wearing of sheep's clothing as the Rev. Dunwoody—to mention only three out of an excellent cast.

Fool's Paradise, by Hugh Ross Williamson, I found a pleasant but forgettable comedy about a storm in a rural teacup, involving a plot of land belonging to an omniscient old man who has found the secret of life through the good earth and good books. What does linger in my memory was the performance by Frances Rowe of a brittle, bright sophisticate of Metropolitania. Miss Rowe has an extremely agile technique and great *chic*.

ROSEMARY RENNIE : First Out of Eight Thousand.
Twelve-year-old Rosemary, of Glasgow, designed a poster in T.V.'s road-safety competition, and was awarded the first prize from a field of 8,000 children. The poster is in red, yellow and white, and will soon be seen all over the country.

GWEN CATLEY : A Singer With a Second String.
Miss Catley gave a party to celebrate her birthday and her 600th broadcast. Before an audience of notables, she played a few notes of her own—but on the occarina—using her silver soprano only to correct the pitch of an instrument sometimes sadly flat.

We Take Off Our Hat To . . .

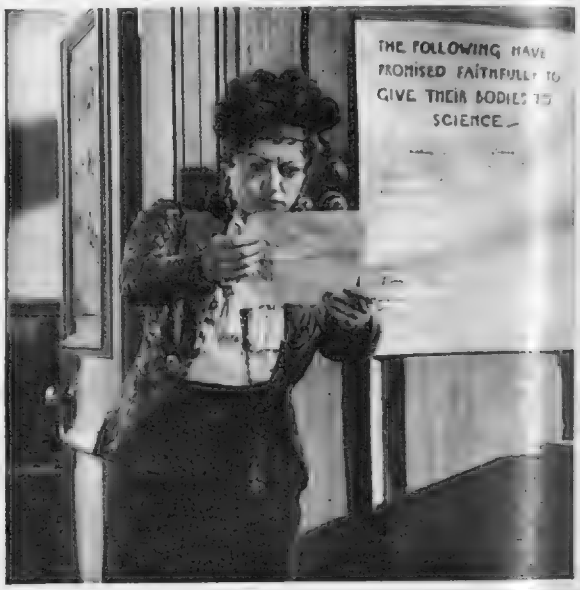
AUDREY HEPBURN : Who Can Raise Up Spirits from the Vasty Deep.
The spirit is of Ondine, a nymph whom Miss Hepburn impersonates on the New York stage. After playing a Princess in *Roman Holiday*, Miss Hepburn has left the natural for the supernatural world, and the result is still magic.

MADAME SIMONE PRUNIER : A Lady Chevalier.
The Maison Prunier has been known for "blue-ribbon" cooking in Paris since 1872, in London since 1935. To the blue ribbon there has now been added a red. To Madame Simone Prunier, head of the House since 1925, the French Government has awarded the coveted red ribbon of a Chevalier de la Légion d'Honneur for her work as Conseiller du Commerce Extérieur since 1938.

ANTONY HURREN : Self-created Peer for a Year.
From February 1953 to February 1954, Mr. Hurren, an undergraduate of Wadham College, Oxford, has attended meetings of the National Union of Students as "Lord Hurren of Wallingford." As this noble lord, he has been received by the Vice-Chancellors of provincial universities, and by the Deputy Lord Mayor of Bristol. The hoax was discovered last month when he himself revealed it.

Life is a complicated affair for the staff of St. Trinian's, Barsetshire, and booby traps are all in the day's work. Miss Fritton (Alastair Sim), headmistress of the school with the doctrine of free expression and the swarm of quite uninhibited pupils, has learned to open all doors with due care.

For want of a notebook, Policewoman Ruby Gates (Joyce Grenfell), records incriminating conversations on the bathroom linoleum.



Geography mistress at the school is Miss Drownder (Hermione Baddeley), whose teaching seems to be limited to the best years for the best French wines.

The Belles of St. Trinian's

The utter awfulness of Ronald Searle's cigarette-smoking, whisky-drinking, horse-playing, murderously-disposed schoolgirls is at last being brought to the screen in a rollicking farce which even Mr. Searle himself regards as "genuine St. Trinian's." That highly competent film team, Frank Launder and Sidney Gilliat, have been given the task of producing this comedy for London Films, and the star-studded cast includes Alastair Sim in the dual rôle of Headmistress Fritton and her bookmaker brother, Clarence, and Joyce Grenfell as a policewoman who joins the school as games mistress, in an endeavour to investigate the multitudinous local complaints which have led her chief to consult a psychiatrist. The school has a doctrine of free expression. It constantly borders on bankruptcy, and scholarly activities are not exactly obtrusive; but although the village shopkeepers are apt to shutter their shops and padlock their tills during term-time, the young ladies' forceful methods of tackling all problems show undeniable promise of their ability to Get On in later life.

Back to school on the first day of a new term: Gladys (Elizabeth Griffiths) obliges Lucretia (Andrée Melly) with a light, while Amanda (Belinda Lee) adds a finishing touch to her manicure.

Two of the mistresses, Miss Wilson (Beryl Reid) and Miss Brimmer (Renée Houston) gather weapons for a staff attack on the rebellious sixth who have barricaded the fourth-formers in the dormitory.

Miss Fritton, with Flash Harry (George Cole), prepares to indulge in a little corporal punishment.

On Prize-Giving Day Miss Brimmer feels the platform floor begin to give way beneath her.

Superintendent Kemp Bird (Lloyd Lamble) urges Policewoman Gates to take the post as games mistress.

Mlle. de St. Emelion (Balbina), Miss Brimmer, Miss Bucklan (Mary Merrall), Miss Drownder, Woodley (Arthur Howard), Miss Waters (Betty Ann Davies), Miss Fritton, Rowbottom Smith (Guy Middleton), and Miss Wilson, battered after the first attack on the sixth-formers, decide that Miss Gates can have a taste of the battle herself. "Do you still want to question the girls about that race-horse?" demands Miss Fritton. "Well, it's the sixth form you want. You'll find them upstairs."

Whose Footsteps Tread Those Hallowed Places Now?

"Hence, Hence Remorse!"

BUT WHENCE THE RED BARN THAT HOUSED MARIA MARTEN'S GRAVE?

Hence, hence Remorse, and every thought that's good.
The Storm that Lust began must end in blood.

THE stage is dark, and the Villain's music rises tempestuously from the violins. Corder's jaw drops, and his eyes protrude. From all over the theatre come hisses and cat-calls. Maria Marten is about to be murdered again.

The Murder in the Red Barn is probably the most often revived of melodramas; indeed, has it ever been dead? To a background of gypsies, fires and apparitions behind gauzes, the innocent village maiden is seduced by the rich farmer's son, and a child, the fruit of their shame, is born—and poisoned! He promises to marry her; he is lying. Tenderly she comes to him over the fields to the Red Barn, dressed, for some reason, as a boy, and there she meets her end, up centre in a red spot. He flies to London, but Maria's mother dreams three times she sees her daughter murdered, and sends her husband to dig in the barn. Then Nemesis! A gypsy turned Bow Street Runner arrests William in his London lodging, and he dies on the scaffold at Bury St. Edmunds with a tag from *The London Merchant* on his lips:

Be warned ye youths who see my sad despair,
Avoid lewd women false as they are fair!
By my examples learn to shun my fate,
How wretched is the man who's wise too late.

(*Tremolo fiddles. The ghost of* MARIA *appears on the scaffold.* CORDER *shrieks.*)

* * *

In fact, it was not quite like that. Maria was a mole-catcher's daughter, and William lived on a farm near her cottage in the village of Polstead, in Suffolk. There were no gypsies, and she was not, alas! an innocent village girl; when William met her, she was already the mother of two children, one of them by his brother Thomas. Mrs. Marten's dream occurred a long time before the discovery of her daughter's body, and there is reason to believe that she may have invented it. Corder, on arriving in London, advertised in the *Sunday Times* for a wife, and had forty-five replies. "On perusing your advertisement," one respondent wrote, "it immediately struck me that a merry-hearted as well as an agreeable companion might be necessary to your happiness in a wife, particularly as your spirits appear to be in a state of depression."

Eventually he married the proprietress of a seminary for young ladies; it was noticed that he was always most agreeable to her charges. Many "respectable" people attended his execution, as well as some "of the inferior class," amongst them the man who, later that day at a performance of *Macbeth*, when Duncan asked, "Is execution done on Cawdor?" replied from the pit, "Yes, sir. I saw him taken off at Bury St. Edmunds this morning."

ALL this was in 1828. But to the people of Polstead, the murder is still a *cause célèbre*. The Red Barn was burned down in 1840, but visitors in charabancs come to look at it, and have often been satisfied with the rectory barn a mile away. Street Farm, the Corder home, now belongs to Mr. Chilvers, a retired builder from Clacton-on-Sea, and every summer tourists beg for souvenirs, Mrs. Chilvers told me; she has been thinking of getting a pile of bricks in from Clacton to give to them! Even poor Maria's grave in Polstead churchyard has disappeared, its granite headstone entirely chipped away by souvenir-hunters.

MURDER MOST FOUL. Mr. M. Dignam as Corder and Miss S. Williams as Maria in the Arts' Production of December 1952.

I had no chara, and I did not visit the village in summer. I travelled by train to Colchester on a bleak winter day, caught a double-decker bus to Nayland, changed to a single-decker of antique pattern, and found myself in Stoke-by-Nayland at lunchtime; the café was shut. However, Stoke-by-Nayland has one of the few pubs in England that still serve free sandwiches, so I munched at brawn and watched a riotous game of nap until I felt strong enough to walk the final mile to Polstead.

It is a scattered, agricultural parish. Nearly everyone in Polstead has an orchard, and "Polstead Blacks" are cherries of reputation. I had a glass of home-made cherry wine with Mr. Tom Riddleston, a *doyen* of the parish, who shares with his son, "Neighbour," the house beside the village green in which Corder was confined for a night on his way to stand trial at Bury. Nobody, looking at the small strip of green on the hilltop there, can find it easy to believe that this was the scene of Polstead Fair, where Flatcatcher, in the melodrama, showed the living skeleton, the native of:

"Longtown-Funny in Siberia, and he ran all the way from that country to England, and came at such a rate that he ran all the flesh off his bones."

Yet Polstead Fair was held on Polstead Green as late as 1950, and will be held again when everyone is finally certain who owns the green.

Polstead means "a place of pools," but the two pools from which it took its name are now dried up. Round its 1300-year-old Gospel Oak a yearly service is held—but the oak blew down this year, and it is doubtful whether it will put out leaves again in the spring. In the hall, instead of the Squire, live three American families, from the U.S.A.A.F. camp twenty-five miles away. In Marten the mole-catcher's cottage live Mr. Hutton, a commercial artist, and his wife. A gentleman from the city inhabits the mill. There were over 1000 people in Polstead in 1879, with four cobblers, it was recorded; now the parish does not number more than 600. Many of the younger people do not work in the parish, but eight miles away in Colchester, and cycle to work every day; they have become, in the best sense of both words, a commuting proletariat.

THAT is a deliberately gloomy picture, but let me lighten it. For the spirit of community is not dead in Polstead, in spite of civilisation's changes. The Martens' cottage still keeps its chickens and some Jerseys; Sergeant Fronterra, of the U.S.A.A.F. at the Hall, shows home movies to the village children; John Nelson, the son of another American, attends the village school. The Women's Institute flourishes. The Coronation festivities were undaunted by rain. The Rector is in process of forming a cricket team if anyone can find a piece of ground flat enough and free from cattle. Enthusiastic bell-ringers learn new changes, and there are hand-bells as well as the peal at the church. A slip from the Gospel Oak is ready for planting. And, though Polstead boys may form attachments with the girls of industrial Colchester, they are likely to bring them back to make a home in the village.

Nor is Polstead short of characters. Bob Stowe charms warts, using no bat's blood or esoteric salves; he looks at your hands, tells you the warts will go in three weeks, and, by George! so they do. Bertha, the elderly tramp, uses the church as an H.Q.; if you should want to arrange flowers there when she is sleeping in a back pew, she is likely to turn you out. When these two pass away, others no doubt will replace them. Who knows what picturesque eccentricities are not being sharpened up in the woods behind what was once the Red Barn?

As I sat in the bus at Stoke-by-Nayland, waiting to return to Colchester, I noticed that it seemed remarkably full. But most of the folk got out when the time came for the bus to leave; they were just sitting there to keep warm. You cannot judge by appearances. Polstead is no candidate yet, you see, for a modern *Deserted Village*.

JOHN BOWEN.

Specially drawn for "THE SKETCH" by Anton.

"WOULD ONE OF YOU CARE TO REST?"

AT THE CINEMA with C. A. LEJEUNE

Brushing Up Shakespeare in Three-D

Kiss Me, Kate
(Empire)

AT most times reliable on musicals, M.-G.-M. has done a conspicuously smart job on *Kiss Me, Kate,* which makes first-class screen entertainment, and is always true to the original in its fashion. One or two numbers have been cut or transposed, and the film lays rather more emphasis on dancing than the stage show, but there is still an abundance of Cole Porter music, the main pattern remains unchanged, and I can't see how anybody who liked the play can fail to like the film.

At the Empire, *Kiss Me, Kate* comes in 3–D, although it will also be released in a 2–D version. The colour is riotous, and suffers less loss of brilliance than I have seen in any 3–D picture yet. There is still rather too much pelting of the audience by miscellaneous objects for my taste, but it is all done in a carnival spirit, very gay; and the illusion of perspective, of movement in depth as well as in width, adds quite a lot to the effectiveness of the dance sequences.

Howard Keel has both the voice and the grand manner for the Petruchio part. Kathryn Grayson, playing opposite him, has the voice all right, but not quite the presence to make her pretty Kate a really formidable shrew. The plum song, *Always True to You, Darling,* falls to Ann Miller, who is primarily a dancer, and is shared with her dancing partner, Tommy Rall. The result is a very different thing from Julie Wilson's quiet and subtle solo on the stage. I like it less well, but there is no doubt that it is in keeping with the non-stop motion of the picture. Keenan Wynn and James Whitmore, as the good-hearted gangsters, manage the *Brush Up Your Shakespeare* number with the deftness of experienced drolls, and the whole thing goes fleetly, winningly.

The Maggie
(Odeon, Marble Arch)

EALING STUDIOS have bid for a repeat success of *Whisky Galore* in *The Maggie,* filmed by the same director, Alexander Mackendrick, entirely on location in Scotland, mainly the Inner Hebrides. This time, however, the native style has been augmented by the presence of an American star, Paul Douglas; who has, it seems, long cherished a desire to take part in an Ealing picture.

The *Maggie* is one of the small, flat-bottomed "puffer" boats which ply between Glasgow and the Western Isles. She is old and shabby, and destined for the scrapyards unless her skipper can find enough money to get her repaired. Hope seems lost when, mercifully, someone blunders. By accident, a valuable cargo, belonging to an American business man who is modernising a Scottish castle, is consigned to the ramshackle *Maggie.* Her skipper sees his chance; holds dourly on to the cargo, and later to the American business man who comes storming after it. The battle of wills between these two obstinate men is the main theme of the picture.

The cast is predominantly Scottish, and the action, to all intents and purposes, concerns men only. Alexander Mackenzie, who plays the Skipper, is sixty-seven years old, and was a schoolmaster until his retirement, when he turned to broadcasting and took a part at the Glasgow Citizens' Theatre. James Copeland, the Mate, is also from the Citizens'; shrewd judges did not miss his early film work in *Innocents in Paris.* Although Paul Douglas is the advertised star, he is wise enough to take his colour from the setting, and merge it into the picture like the tweed amongst the heather. The real star of *The Maggie,* of course, is not any flesh-and-blood actor, but the misty, the incomparable, the haunting Western Isles.

THE MEMBER OF THE WEDDING. Ethel Waters as the old housekeeper and Julie Harris as Frankie in a touching scene from the film.

Other New Films

HOBSON'S CHOICE.—Charles Laughton, playing his first film part in England since before the war, makes his entrance in this Lancashire comedy with a drunken burp, and does a good deal of outsize acting afterwards, for all the world as though he were still on the quarterdeck of the *Bounty.* Brenda de Banzie and John Mills give more reticent treatment to the parts of Hobson's faded daughter and the underprivileged boot-making genius she insists on marrying. As a bred-and-born Lancastrian, I never thought *Hobson's Choice* much of a funny play, and I don't think it very much better now, but director David Lean has brought out all the fun and feeling that 's there to be found, and has somehow contrived to transform Edwardian Salford into a town of fantasy.

THE MEMBER OF THE WEDDING (Berkeley) is a connoisseur's piece. I have not noticed any mad rush on the part of British exhibitors to show it to the general public, and that doesn't surprise me. It is not so much a story as a study of adolescence. The girl Frankie, at twelve, is too old for children's play, too young for anything else. Left much in the company of a small boy cousin and an old coloured housekeeper, she is lonely and restless. Her soldier brother's wedding excites her imagination; she exults, sobs, falls into wild histrionics and long silences, is by times deliriously happy and utterly wretched. The old housekeeper cherishes her, understanding everything; the small cousin gazes owlishly through large spectacles, understanding nothing, except that he wants someone to pay some attention to *him.* To some people, the film will seem chaotic and irrelevant, to others it will provide a strangely moving experience. The performances of Julie Harris as the girl, Ethel Waters as the housekeeper (both of them played the parts on the New York stage) and Brandon de Wilde (the boy from *Shane*) are fine.

IT SHOULD HAPPEN TO YOU (Leicester Square) is a good deal funnier than any run-of-the-mill Hollywood comedy, because it has both Judy Holliday and an idea. The idea is that a nobody can become a somebody by doing absolutely nothing, if enough people are induced to talk about her. Gladys Glover is the dumbest of blondes, but she has a dumb blonde's logic. Seeing a large empty hoarding and thinking her name would look nice in 12-ft. letters, she promptly rents the sign and puts her name across it. Then things happen fast. A soap millionaire, who covets that particular site, lets her have six other hoardings in exchange for it. Before long, the whole town is talking about the mysterious Gladys Glover, and with the interest of radio and television she becomes a national celebrity. The fun is slightly damped by what is conceived to be a reasonable ending, but for most of the time it sparks along splendidly. Miss Holliday is superb.

MANON DES SOURCES (Rialto).—No connection whatsoever with the lady of the operas, but one of Marcel Pagnol's long, leisurely stories of Provençal life, in which a number of ripe local characters are steadily developed through a quantity of talk. Manon herself (played by the author-director's wife) is a mountain girl, a goat-herd, who uses her knowledge of the spring that waters the village to avenge an ancient wrong. Charming countryside, good company, happy ending, but the length and all that sunshine may make you sleepy.

HONDO (Warner).—There 's a line in this 3–D Western which gives a clear hint what 's amiss with it. When Hondo (John Wayne), carrying dispatches for the U.S. Cavalry in New Mexico, comes upon the lonely ranch tended by Angie (Geraldine Page) and her small son, he looks around him and observes: "There 's something about this place; I know what it reminds me of." So do we. It reminds us of *Shane,* and the likeness, which keeps recurring throughout the film, is not particularly helpful to the less distinguished *Hondo.* The story is a fairly straightforward affair, but there are too many reminders that there have been better Westerns.

MIJAS, by Tristram Hillier.

The Community as Patron

OXFORD—THE NURSERY OF A MOVEMENT TO ENCOURAGE MODERN PAINTERS

IN 1946, the undergraduates of Pembroke College, Oxford, at a meeting of the Junior Common Room, decided to begin a collection of modern paintings. Their reasons were not wholly of pleasure ; there was duty in it. Enormous fortunes, in this country, have been broken up. We can be no longer certain that our great families will be great for ever. So that, if contemporary artists were to find patronage, the J.C.R. felt, it would have to be from communities and not from some rich duke. Meetings of the J.C.R. at Pembroke are enlivened by beer, and it was with cheers, counter-cheers and cries of "Joe for King!" that its members mulcted themselves each of six-and-eightpence a term, and decided to constitute themselves a patron of the arts.

Over the years, the collection has grown. Two pictures from it are shown on this page. Among the others, there are oils by Duncan Grant, Patrick Heron, John Minton and Francis Bacon ; there is a water-colour by John Piper, and a sombre oil of fishermen by Prunella Clough, that has already toured the United States. Some of these pictures hang in the Junior Common Room, presiding over tea, toast and *The Times* cross-word puzzle. Others, with a collection of lithographs specially bought for the purpose, are hired out at a small termly fee to undergraduates' rooms.

Eight other Oxford colleges have followed Pembroke's example. A recent exhibition at the Ashmolean Museum showed paintings from the J.C.R.s of Exeter, Balliol, New College, Worcester, St. Edmund Hall, St. John's and St. Anne's.

The problem of selecting pictures to be bought must, in a community enterprise, always be difficult. In attempting to please everyone, one runs the danger of getting only pictures of an inoffensive mediocrity. Alternatively, should a J.C.R. deputise some eminent critic to buy on its behalf, the individuality of the collection is not likely to be the individuality of the J.C.R. Pembroke has worked out a system to avoid both dangers. Its Art Committee is appointed, and not elected ; five members of the J.C.R. are named by the President to serve, and only after a year in office does each appointment come up for confirmation by a popular vote. Its members are regarded as "experts"—as we commonly regard judges and schoolmasters.

There is no reason, except that of inclination, why what these Oxford colleges have begun should not be carried on all over the country by clubs and societies of every kind. We may yet expect to find the photograph of the Mumbledown Cricket XI. of 1903 replaced in the pavilion by the abstract composition of some native son.

PORTRAIT OF EDWARD WADSWORTH, by Wyndham Lewis.

Portsmouth's beautiful City Plate was on show at the Lord Mayor's Ball on the South Parade Pier, Southsea, on February 26th. Here, Councillor Frank Miles, Lord Mayor, and Mrs. Miles (*right*) greet friends : Mrs. H. Cowdrey, Sir Jocelyn Lucas, Lady Edelsten and Sir John Edelsten, C.-in-C., Portsmouth.

Lord Mayor's Ball at Portsmouth

Specially photographed for "THE SKETCH" by William Morris.

R.N.B. Commodore C. L. G. Evans with Rear-Admiral and Mrs. G. B. H. Fawkes.

Admiral Sir John Edelsten, Mrs. A. G. V. Hubback and Admiral Sir Vaughan Morgan.

Councillor G. A. Day and Mrs. Day photographed in the supper-room.

Rear-Admiral R. Cobb and Mrs. C. B. Torlesse.

Vice-Admiral Sir John Eccles and Mrs. John Longden.

Mrs. N. A. Copeman and Brigadier Terence Clarke.

Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Connor and Mrs. A. P. Skinner.

Mr. Paul White and Miss Shirley Hall.

Captain and Mrs. Anthony Davies and Dame Elisabeth Kelly.

Mr. and Mrs. John Scroggie wearing the Graham of Menteith plaid.

Rear-Admiral A. G. V. Hubback and Mrs. Terence Clarke.

Colonel Patrick Durham and Mrs. Durham.

Mr. V. Blanchard, Town Clerk, Chief Officer S. H. Broster and the Very Rev. E. N. Porter Goff, Provost of Portsmouth.

MOTORING with WILLIAM HARTLEY

The Jaguar Mark Seven

THE advertisements for this admirable car refer to Grace, Space and Pace. And these three words do sum up what to me is one of the most pleasing of cars on the market to-day, though there are other interesting characteristics.

Grace is self-evident in our photograph. The general line is surely most appealing, and the degree of ornamentation with chrome just about right.

Space there is in good measure too. The two front seats are generous and comfortable, and the rear seat offers real arm-chair comfort for two or three, with ample leg room in addition. The luggage boot is renowned for its capacity, carrying, as it does, the spare wheel vertically stowed.

Pace is there also. This car has done almost 130 m.p.h. Acceleration and cruising speed are appropriate to the maximum.

On the road, once one has got used to the vision, which, though adequate, is of necessity not as good as in some of the little saloons, the general handling of the car calls for no comment from me. She steers, rides and corners well, with braking well up to the high speeds often achieved. The pedal is light in operation and is assisted by a servo. No dainty foot need worry about braking effort with this arrangement!

Inside the car the general standard of finish is first class. The trimming and the polished wood reach the high standard more often found on individual coach-craft bodies.

Now for the other interesting characteristics. The big surprise with this *Mk. VII.* saloon lies in its remarkable value for money. At £1140 (plus purchase tax, making £1616 2s. 6d. in all), it represents a remarkable achievement, and Mr. William Lyons deserves congratulations. You see, so many features that might be extras elsewhere are thrown in with the price. Windscreen washers are standard. The heating and ventilation system (which really works) is included. The neat tool stowage in the two front doors is fine. The special device for locking the two rear doors—so that they cannot be opened from within, and thus are safe for young children—is grand, although the trigger operation is already a pretty safe one. As an often worried parent, I do welcome the thought that brought this fitting.

I like the petrol-storage method, too, with its two tanks in the rear wings. One can run on either tank, brought into use by a change-over switch on the instrument panel. This is handy for testing consumption or variety of petrol, by the way. It enabled me to find out what the consumption was with different styles of driving. I could vary it from about 17 to 22 m.p.g. The former came from putting up averages over the 50 mark, and the latter from a family tour—still not restricted too much for speed, but without violent acceleration through the gears. What result he gets is up to the driver.

As so often happens with a fast car, the lights come in for some criticism. The fine beams are perhaps highly suitable for fast work on main roads, but they do give lack of light immediately in front of the car. Thus, finding one's way down narrow, winding country lanes on a dark wet night is not so easy. With the present switch arrangement, one cannot have the fog lamps (still standard by the way and not an extra) in operation at the same time as the headlamps, which would be a way out of the difficulty. But that can be overcome one way or another.

So this car seems to me to offer more for the money than any I know. All these little things included in a purchase price which represents truly remarkable value. A fine car to drive, with running costs very much in the hands, or, rather, the feet, of the owner.

CURRENT TOPICS

A Link with Rhodesia

THE well-known London distributors of Austin cars have forged a link with Rhodesia, and this seems to be the first time such an association in the retail side of the British motor industry has been made. The Car Mart have acquired a controlling interest in two firms operating under managing director Mr. Neill, which have branches all over both Northern and Southern Rhodesia. This must surely be a welcome addition to the bonds between this country and the Commonwealth and in keeping with the enterprise of the motor manufacturers' own efforts.

Road Users' Interests

The British Road Federation have issued a book at 1s. under the title *British Road Statistics.* Within its sixty pages are simply presented the facts and figures relating to British roads, and the vehicles using them from 1910 to the end of last year. Legislation, accidents, revenue, and even railway transport are covered in a neat and understandable way.

The British Road Federation consists of 107 national organisations, and it is performing a very useful and efficient function in unifying the road interests of such a vast proportion of interested parties. The members range from the Society of Motor Manufacturers and Traders, and other motor and transport trade bodies, to those concerned with road-making, such as the Road Roller Owners' Association, and right on to vehicle operators like the Drapers' Chamber of Trade and the Invert Sugar Manufacturers' Association!

But their presentation of the case for fairer treatment of road users in every sphere deserves full praise and support.

A Plea for Training

I do wish young car drivers could have the benefit of the special training that is available to so many young motor cyclists. Up and down the country there are many Motor Cycle Training Clubs, and I quote one as a splendid example.

Roy Marrion, of Marrion's Garage at Bilston, runs such a club. Embryo motor cyclists attend for training. To inspire them on a recent Sunday, special demonstrations were given by Pip Harris, the side-car expert, and Johnny Brittain, the British expert trials champion. The incentive to expert and correct handling of a machine must be enormous with this type of training, and I am sure many well-known motor-car exponents would inspire young car drivers (and others) in the same way if such schemes were run for them.

Our Fashion Portfolio

by NORAH OWEN

"THE SKETCH" SPOTLIGHTS SOME LONDON COUTURIERS

NORMAN HARTNELL, Bruton Street, uses colour, chiefly in the English flower colourings, with un-English gaiety. Known chiefly for his evening gowns in the grand manner, this Season he has shown numerous shorter evening dresses, so suitable for the swiftly-moving London Season. We show a formal afternoon dress in slate-grey and pink, flowered cotton. The pink straw hat is by Mme. Claude Saint-Cyr, at the same address.

Specially photographed for "THE SKETCH" by Denis Hughes-Gilbey.

[Continued overleaf.

OUR FASHION PORTFOLIO (continued)

"THE SKETCH" SPOTLIGHTS SOME LONDON COUTURIERS

THE Incorporated Society of London Fashion Designers, our own Haute Couturiers, showed their Spring Collections in a quiet mood. There were no vast fashion changes, no extremes, no entirely new innovations—in fact, nothing to cause either alarm or real excitement to the woman choosing her Season's wardrobe. We still seem a little afraid of colour in this country, and avoid extremes, so that our dressmaking sometimes lacks inspiration and style. But when we come to pure, classic tailoring, we stand supreme, as the suits on these pages show.

HARDY AMIES, Savile Row. This collection is the epitome of English restraint and perfection of finish. Quiet tailoring with flowing elegance for the evening. This summer suit in black-and-white rayon has a rounded yoke of black velvet. The small green hat is by Mme. Vernier, George Street.

Right :

LACHASSE, Farm Street. Designed by Mr. Owen, a new designer, this collection maintains the Lachasse tradition of classic tailoring, with the addition of more flowing late-day clothes. We show his afternoon coat in heavy black cotton, lined with tangerine silk. On princess lines, it has a nipped waist, swirling into a wide skirt, with large flapped pockets. The black-and-gold straw hat is also by Lachasse.

DIGBY MORTON, Grosvenor Hill, always shows a good "all-round" collection—beautifully tailored suits, pretty day clothes and charming evening dresses. He uses colour with skill, and his Spring Collection is delightfully wearable, with a charm and elegance all its own. Here is a grey-and-white coat-frock in silk-like tweed, suitable for so many occasions. The forward-moving, tangerine felt hat is by Rudolf, at the same address.

RONALD PATERSON, Albemarle Street, is a new member of the Incorporated Society of London Fashion Designers, but is well known for the elegance of his clothes, his clever use of colour and his feeling for fabrics. He creates something new, with definite feminine appeal. He lines a loose, pale green coat with navy shantung over a navy-blue shantung fitted dress, with a dropped waistline and a pleated skirt. The pink, swathed silk hat is also by Ronald Paterson.

Left :

MICHAEL, Carlos Place, has taken a high place among our Couturiers for showing a definite, creative line. He tailors this season's suits with a pre-war look—longer backs, looser waistlines. He shows the sailor collar and knotted tie at the neck, which has also appeared in Paris. This suit in black-and-white nubbly tweed shows his newest line. The hat is by Mme. Brill, at the same address.

Right :

JOHN CAVANAGH, Curzon Street, shows one of the most exciting collections of the season. He uses the exotic corals, blues, greens and sand colours of a tropical island, in the same mood as Paris designers. Perfect tailoring ; dressmaking with restraint but infinite style ; striking use of colour ; and complete feminine elegance make his collection a delight. This suit in blue-and-white striped wool shows his skill. The hat is by Simone Mirman, Chesham Place.

[*Continued overleaf.*

OUR FASHION PORTFOLIO (continued)

"THE SKETCH" SPOTLIGHTS

VICTOR STIEBEL, at Jacqmar, Grosvenor Street. This collection is young and gay, with concentration on the princess line in coats and dresses, and charming use of colour. No long evening dresses were shown, but many like this short, party dress in Birkin's needle-run lace, with a high waist-line, emphasised with a velvet band and a drooping rose. There is a white satin coat to wear with it, lace-lined, with fox cuffs.

SOME LONDON COUTURIERS

THIS season there are ranges of beautiful prints in silk, rayon, nylon and cotton, in exciting colours, and these are used by nearly every designer. Flashes of colour show in the linings of coats, in a blouse, a spray of flowers or in a hat. Lace is still a favourite, embroidered or plain, often appearing as a tailored suit. In the evening, the shorter length has taken the place of the long dress, except for really formal occasions.

MATTLI, Upper Grosvenor Street, always shows essentially feminine clothes. Even his tweed suits have a curving softness, and his "little black dresses" are perfection. We show a dress and jacket in grey silk, with a Chinese blossom print, which demonstrates this elegant femininity. The large straw hat, laden with ostrich feathers, is by Mme. Vernier, George Street.

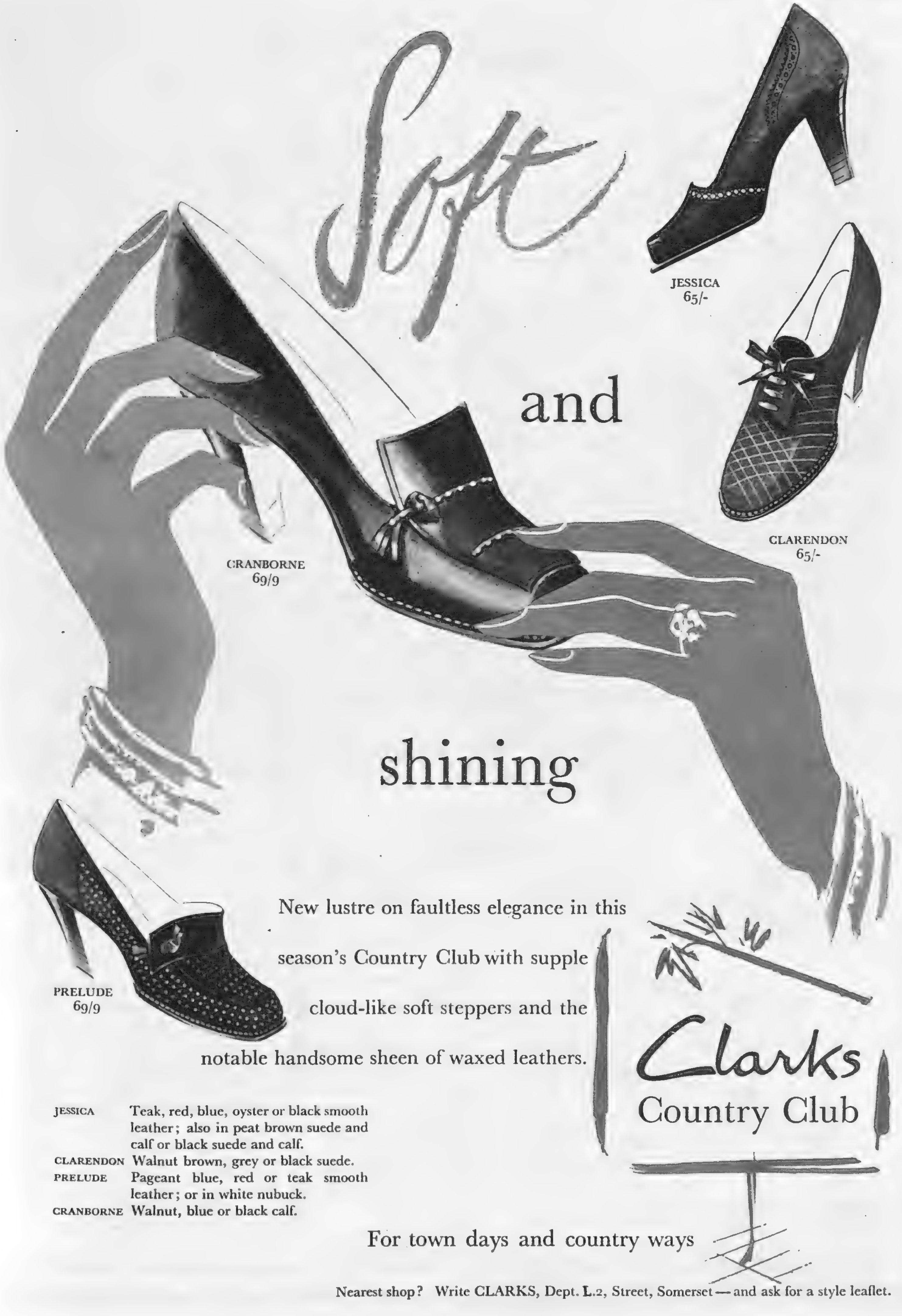
MICHAEL SHERARD, Curzon Street. This collection has appeal for the woman who prefers prettiness in her clothes to stark elegance. Colour and fabrics are flowery and fragile, and the general effect is very feminine. This dress in pale, apple-blossom printed silk for cocktails or summer evenings has a draped décolletage and two full panels on either side of a slim skirt.

WORTH, Grosvenor Street, is a house well known for its grand clothes. We show a cocktail dress in steel-grey satin, which has a high, jewel-garnished neckline in front, and the new, low back.

OUR FASHION PORTFOLIO (continued)

Elegant Economy

Cotton for town, sophisticated and cool for a city in summer. A sleeveless, button-through dress in black-and-white print, with a large-sleeved, duster coat in black, tying at the neck. Both dress and coat are in heavy piqué, by Jacqmar, made up by Brenner Sports. Prices: the dress, £4 14s. 6d.; the coat, 5½ gns. Both are from Fenwick's, New Bond Street, and Newcastle.



Soft
and
shining
JESSICA
65/-
CLARENDON
65/-
CRANBORNE
69/9
PRELUDE
69/9
New lustre on faultless elegance in this season's Country Club with supple cloud-like soft steppers and the notable handsome sheen of waxed leathers.
Clarks
Country Club
JESSICA Teak, red, blue, oyster or black smooth leather; also in peat brown suede and calf or black suede and calf.
CLARENDON Walnut brown, grey or black suede.
PRELUDE Pageant blue, red or teak smooth leather; or in white nubuck.
CRANBORNE Walnut, blue or black calf.
For town days and country ways
Nearest shop? Write CLARKS, Dept. L.2, Street, Somerset—and ask for a style leaflet.

FOR MEN AND WOMEN

Shopping Treasure Hunt

By SUSAN CARR

THIS month I have news of a machine which washes and peels potatoes and other vegetables, but is designed for family use and not for large canteens. This machine, called the " Kitchen Miss," is about the size of two large cake-tins placed one on top of the other, and can be obtained in a cream and green finish, or cream and blue. You attach the hose provided to the kitchen tap and stand the machine (equipped with rubber suction feet to prevent it slipping) on the draining-board; then the top is removed and the bottom of the machine covered with vegetables to be peeled. After the lid is replaced the water is turned on and the handle turned—the rest of the work is then done by the machine.

* * *

Even before the report of the first cuckoo, we are reminded that it is time once more for spring cleaning. In these servantless days, few people attempt to do it on the old scale, but, nevertheless, it always entails some extra upheaval. I must admit that the first spring days find me waging war on moths, of which I have a particular horror since some of my blankets suffered from their ravages. For the last year or two I have used a liquid moth-killer which has proved most effective. This is safe to use on furs, fabrics, upholstery and textiles; it has a smell, of course, but it is a rather pleasant fresh one which, in any case, disappears quickly. I am pleased to hear that the makers are now producing a strong spray which fits both the 8-oz. and 16-oz. bottles, and makes the spraying of carpets, clothes, and so on, far more effective and an easy task.

* * *

From moths to clothes-pegs—and the best that I have come across up to now are made of plastic, with metal rings at the top: these are rustproof, strong and practically everlasting. Instead of squeezing the pegs to open them in the normal way, you just press them gently down over the washing on the line. The pegs can be easily collected when the washing is removed, the rings slipping over the fingers. Indoors these pegs are also useful for keeping pleats in position during ironing, or for hanging up garments. Two pegs slipped on to an ordinary clothes hanger convert it into a convenient hanger for skirts.

* * *

Many people who have continuously-burning fires find it is difficult to prevent dust flying about the room, or hot ash falling on the carpet when emptying the ash-pan. Now a steel ash bin has been specially designed to provide the solution to this problem. When the ash-pan is withdrawn from under the fire it is placed in the " Trapa " bin, which has a lid, operated by the carrying handle, which automatically closes and empties the pan when the " Trapa " is upright. In a minute or two the dust has settled and the empty pan can be removed and replaced under the fire. The ash in the " Trapa " can then be carried away and emptied into the dustbin.

* * *

Sometimes when doing sewing or mending I find myself using a needle which is quite unsuitable for the material, merely because it has a large eye and is simple to thread—the resulting work looks anything but neat. Now, thanks to an enterprising manufacturer who has produced a miracle needle-threader, my troubles are over. This threader, which is sufficiently large not to get lost in the depths of a work-basket, threads needles (Sharps) in the twinkling of an eye. You drop the needle in the hole provided, eye down, then press a button at the end of the " Blindfold " and hold it gently in position while you place the thread over a large hook—release the button, withdraw your needle—and, hey presto! it is threaded. And all this in far less time than it has taken you to read these words.

* * *

I have just found a new type of hot-water bottle which can be used without a cover. It is made with hundreds of soft pliable rubber pinnacles all over it, which act as a protection from too much heat while allowing the user to enjoy great warmth. Two further good points about this bottle—the stopper is attached to the neck so that it can't be mislaid; and an extra washer is supplied which is cunningly fitted to a rubber button in the neck of the bottle.

How Much It Costs And Where To Find It.

The " Kitchen Miss " potato-peeling machine: 69s. 6d.; Gamages, Selfridges, Army and Navy Stores.

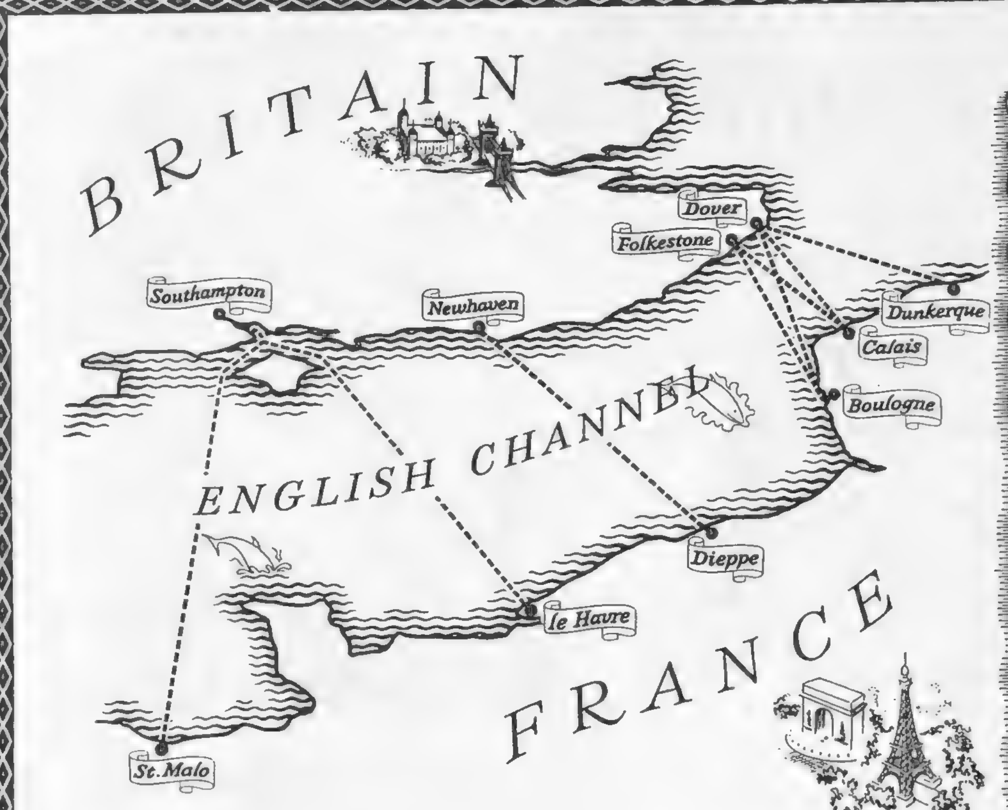
" Mothdoom " Sprayer: 5s. 6d.; " Mothdoom " liquid in 8-oz. and 16-oz. bottles at 3s. 9d. and 7s.; Army and Navy Stores, John Barkers.

" Trapa " ash bin: 29s. 6d.; Gamages, Thomas Wallis.

" Clipall " clothes-pegs: 2s. a dozen; Civil Service Stores.

" Blindfold " needle threader: 2s.; Harrods.

Cannon convector hot-water bottle: 8s. 3d.; Selfridges.



Crossing to FRANCE?

. . . whether your holiday destination this year is Paris, Normandy, Brittany, the Riviera or even further afield

BRITISH RAILWAYS' DAY AND NIGHT SERVICES

to FRANCE offer you comfortable and reliable travel by rail and sea—with a choice of routes.

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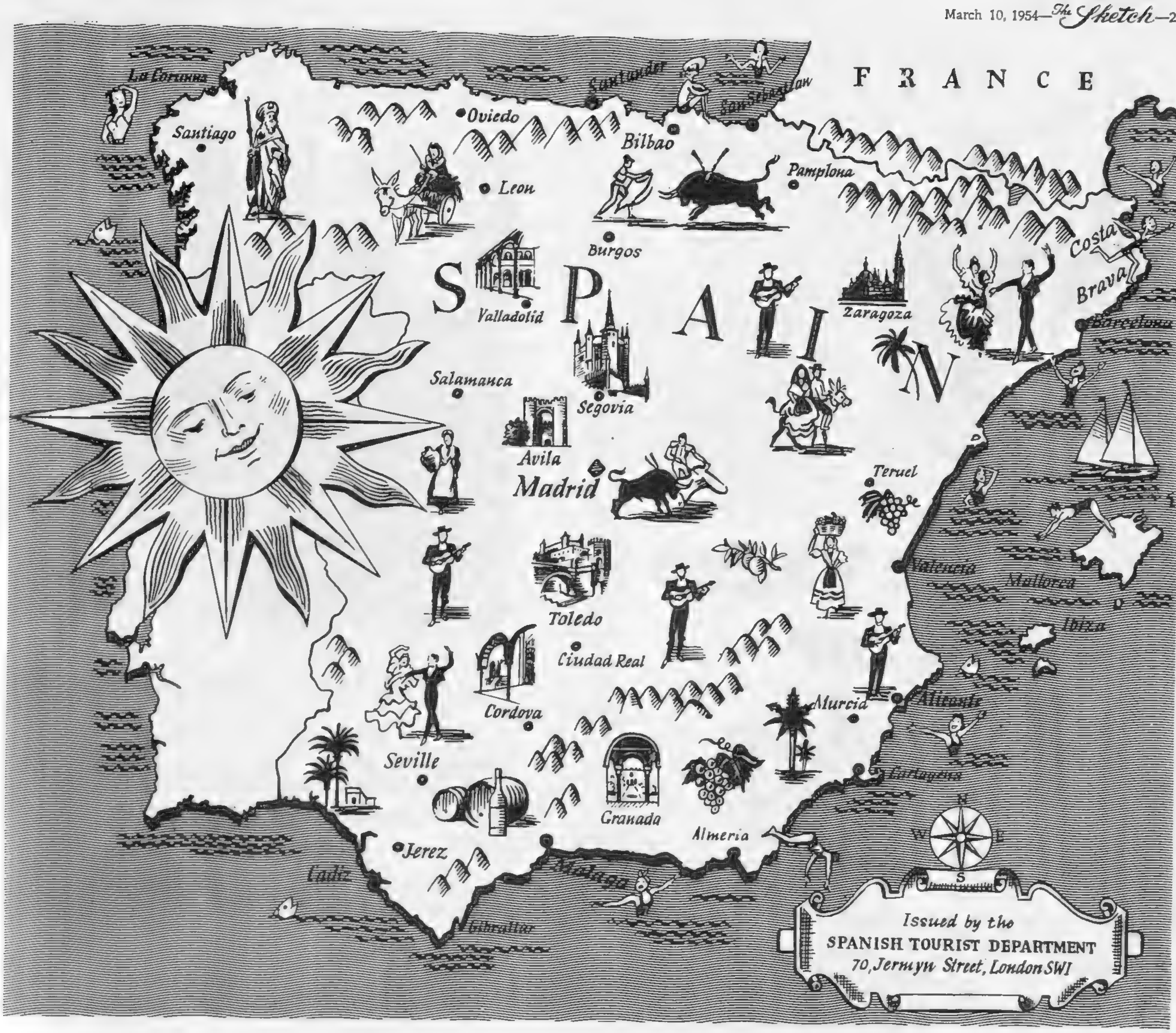

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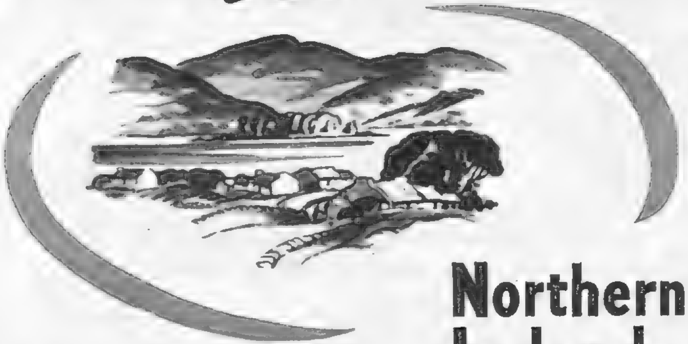

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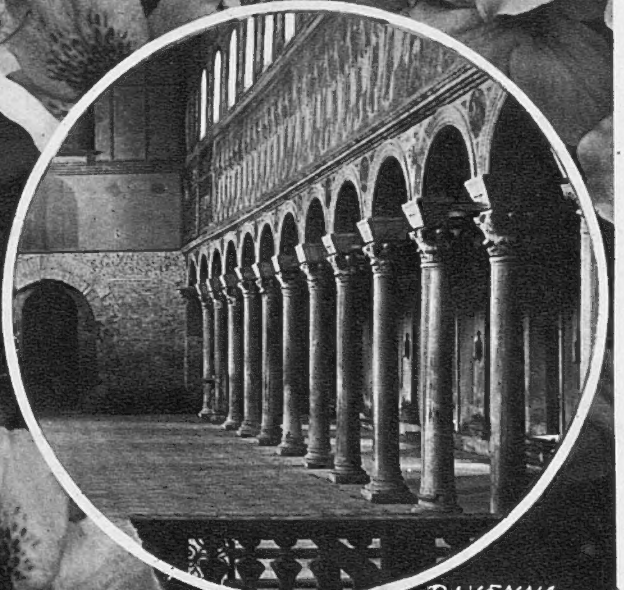

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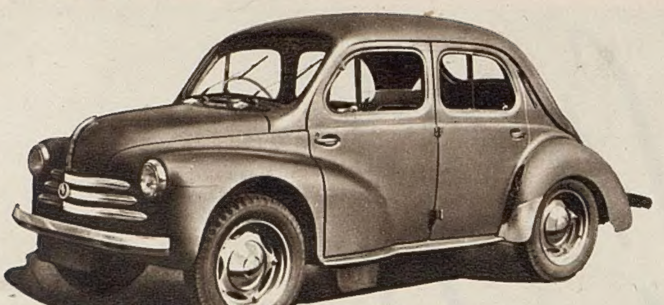

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'A Bargain' *from the original water-colour by Ernest Uden*

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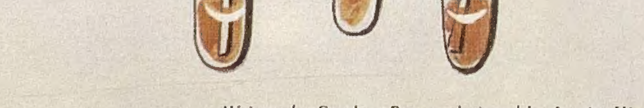
The Schweppshire Way of Life

1. THE DAILY BREAD

First, then, our bread*—chief pride and focal point of Schweppshire's way of living. There are still a handful who have survived from the lethal days when bread was just flour, simply baked. When the old ovens were demolished, workers specially trained in loafcraft were selected from Economics students who were rowing men and had taken a First in Botany. Their duty is to impurify the unnatural ingredients. A special centrifuge separates the husks without direct human agency; these are later put back by hand as husks. The original sand mixed with particles of old buried tins adhering to the wheat root is *flung* at the simmering dough. It is not generally realised that each year a typical man eats a lump of coke the size of a 5-yen piece. The essential bread residue reaches the consumer already shaped by the anatomy group, who drive to work in sterile vans, and wrap the bread in containers stored permanently at boiling point, and covered in cellophane from the deep freeze. To add savour, many slice the bread with a rusty kitchen knife kept specially for cutting up onions. The bread is brown because white bread contains no vitamin F_{16}. It is interesting that brown bread contains none either.

* *Or, as we prefer to call it in Basic Schweppshish, "stuff in me put". ("Bread" belongs to our cumbersome older vocabulary, now reduced to 17 words, all tremendously short.)*



Written by Stephen Potter, designed by Lewitt-Him.

SCHWEPPERVESCENCE LASTS THE WHOLE DRINK THROUGH

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